

Shelton *Harvard*



THE ART JOURNAL.

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THE ART JOURNAL.—CONTENTS No. 37.

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THE ART JOURNAL

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G.H. BOUGHTON FINE

THE JUDGMENT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.



THE ART JOURNAL.

SCENES IN FAIRMOUNT PARK.



Belmont Glen.

FAIRMOUNT PARK, Philadelphia, is more extensive, and in natural advantages more attractive, than any of the pleasure-grounds of Europe or America. It borders and includes the Schuylkill River for a distance of over seven miles, JANUARY, 1878.

and the Wissahickon, a tributary stream, for a distance of over six miles—the entire park comprising nearly 3,000 acres. Every variety of scenery is to be found within its boundaries—cascades, green and wooded islands, meadows, 'uplands, lawns,

rocky ravines, high hill-summits, and open fields. Within it are also the remains of the primeval forests as they stood in the days of the aborigines, and old historic mansions which connect the present era with the days prior to the Revolution, and pre-



Gathering Chestnuts.

serve the memory of the greatest statesmen, jurists, and heroes of America.

At once we step back half a century as we enter the trim little garden that basks at the base of Fairmount Basin. Everything is in the taste of 1822, the year when the water-works were put in operation. Straight, narrow pathways lead to the fountain, to the

prospect-houses and belvederes, to the wheel-houses and race. The Art of that day was very Greek indeed, and we constantly find ourselves in porticoes and peristyles that are ultra-Athenian in pattern, while the material is restricted to wood. As an exception, the bust of Graff, the engineer, is set up under a monument of Gothic design, an elegant little canopy in white marble. A few

statues stud the grounds; that of Leda with her swan, whose slender jet falls into the fore-bay, near the stand-pipe, is an American antique. Near by, in the waste of waters outside, the pouring sheet of foam falls over the dam, and the surplus water from the pumps rolls into the Schuylkill again from the low arches at the river's edge. Here the finny tribes of the stream congregate—the catfish, rockfish, and golden carp; and here, among others, idle gentlemen of independent fortune assemble to angle for them, precisely as similarly-situated Izaak Waltons fish perpetually from the bridges of Paris. The same faces are seen day by day in this group of city sportsmen.

The river-side buildings, with the circular summer-house at the breastwork, are all in the pseudo-classic pattern—the pattern that Frenchmen understand as the style of the First Empire; but the border of Old Fairmount Park, away from the river, that which skirts the reservoir, shows another order of forms, and very sturdy and Cyclopean they are. The rocky side of the basin overshadows the visitor as he enters the garden; the stony ravines which cleave the hill are spanned—where the pathway winds up in zigzags—with gloomy and humid arches doubled and mounted on each other's shoulders, and altogether as grim-looking as the grottoes and caves in "Boboli's ducal bowers." High above them, just like one of the square bell-towers of Florence, rises an imposing structure—in the merciless language of prose, a stand-pipe; a causeway leads up to it from the hill over a circular arch, and so rich and harmonious is the design of these utilitarian structures that the tower and vine-hung system of arches and terrace-walks appear altogether more Italian-looking than Italy is always itself. Among these ponderous edifices, built for use, yet turned to ornamental account, the artist is tempted to fill his sketch-book with effects. The diagonal edge of shadow under a great arch; the iron gloom of native rocks; the trail of vines in a steep gully down which a rivulet is dropping; the square cut of a tower whose cornice, almost one hundred feet above the river, drives into the sky like a chisel—these are grouped in a way that might tempt foreign artists from abroad for themes, one is inclined to say.

From the eminence of the Basin the visitor can throw his comprehensive glance, not merely upon the many-bridged Schuylkill, but likewise upon the features of the land, and the spires and domes of the city. Old Fairmount Garden, which lies immediately beneath, is laid out with straight walks, fountains, and resting-places, in the style rather of a square than of a park; and it forms a suitable introduction to the meandering avenues and wild beauties of East Park. The pedestrian descends, and in a few minutes finds himself among porticoes and summer-houses which are thronged with people; nurse-maids and holiday servant-girls, in startling magnificence of costume, gather wisdom and health along the lawns and by the river; amateur fishermen are making the scene a lively one around the dam; the neat little steamboats are heavily freighted with excursionists; children are devouring gingerbread and getting into mischief—the scene is domestic and humble, a sort of big, open-air nursery—the pomp of equipages and procession of fashion, as well as Nature's own secluded nooks, are to be found in the freer portion of the park.

The various portions of the park are still designated by the names of the private estates which went to compose it, and pretty names they all are. The broad plateau of Lemon Hill is the first estate we come to, and on a fine day the plateau, with its neighbouring chestnut-clumps, is covered with youth and merriment. To look at the infinite, changing throng, it seems as if sickness, decrepitude, and misery, had been obliterated from the face of the earth. Here, too, we are struck with the easy good-nature of an American crowd, and its native spirit of chivalry. Yon handsome damsel has just left her party to get a glass of lemonade at the saloon, and, as she returns with an armful of croquet-balls which she has borrowed, she passes by a group of young men as carelessly and unthinkingly as if they were her brothers. On that bench two young girls are sitting with arms entwined and sweet maiden faces drooping over the pages of a romance. Yonder majestic-looking widow in rustling silk is walking leisurely about, her only care being lest her toddling little girl should come to grief in the plenitude of her romping. On the sward are reclining a number of young men who, as a lady approaches, simply turn over into a less easy because more decorous posture, and not a shadow of offensiveness shows itself in the expression of

their jolly faces. A little further on, where the ancient chestnut-tree inclines towards the ravine, two or three hundred people of all ages and conditions are interested as one family in the bold feats of the urchins, who are despoiling the uppermost branches of their bearded clusters.

But we must hasten on and get a few glimpses of the remote portions of the park, beginning with Belmont, where the grounds, at their highest elevation, are two hundred and forty-three feet above tide-water. Many fine hemlocks, some of them draped with immense masses of English ivy, still remain from what was, twenty-five years ago, the finest avenue of hemlocks in America. The mansion also remains with little alteration, and is an excellent specimen of the houses of the olden time. There is still standing near the mansion, too, a white walnut which was planted by Lafayette on his visit here as the nation's guest in 1824. The view from the hall-door of the mansion is worth a journey across the continent; it is one uninterrupted and slowly-descending vista to the river—greensward, woodland and water, sunlight and shadow, holding and never wearying the gaze. It is attractive at all seasons: spring gives it an exquisite freshness and beauty; the changing leaves of autumn display there a season which belongs, in its perfection, only to our country; and winter, when a heavy snow has fallen, or a sleeting night has been succeeded by a clear, bright morning, discloses a scene fairy-like and indescribable. It is most enjoyable, however, in the mornings and afternoons of early summer.

The ravines in the Park, on the west side of the river, are consecutively named the "Sweet Brier," the "Lansdowne," and the "Belmont" Ravines, and "Belmont Glen." In these ravines, Nature has been left to her own better hands. There are no close-shaven, sloping mounds of greensward, no formal groups of flowers, nor any exotic set out orderly to be the unnatural companion of the sturdy survivors of the old forest. "Unkempt and wild," Nature reigns supreme in these exquisite ravines. Belmont Glen is the most frequented path among them; it descends by an easy grade to the Belmont Station on the Reading Railway, and follows, part of the way, the course of a brook. It is shaded by forest-trees and vines, except when—in two places—it opens out for short distances to the sunlight, to which the grateful shadow quickly succeeds. The brook is crossed by a rustic bridge—

" . . . a hidden brook,
In the leafy month of June—
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune."

On every side are wild-flowers, shrubs, and large forest-trees, many covered with hanging vines. In some places the brook hides itself under sprays of ferns; in others, it trickles and drops down broken ledges and makes tiny mirrors over smooth-worn stones; and all along its course, though an unpretentious little brook, it is very attractive to eyes that see clearly.

Still sauntering along, we come to George's Hill, a tract of eighty-three acres, whence we obtain a very commanding view. The background is shut in by a wood; but, looking southward and westward, the hill descends gradually and widens to a broad open reach of greensward, with trees in clumps—the remains of the primeval forests. Farther on, in the middle ground of this fair landscape, ribboned through with floating lines of vapour from passing trains, flows the clear, broad Schuylkill, spanned with bridges, dotted with pleasure-steamers and the gay pennons of the navy barges. Beyond are wooded slopes and green, open spaces; and from them the eye wanders over the spires and domes of the city, amid which rise in pure whiteness the fluted shafts of Girard College. Farther yet, beyond these spires, the eye defines the city boundaries and the horizon's verge, and along this line, in a clear atmosphere, the sails of vessels on the river Delaware.

But the prospect changes when we come to the Wissahickon—a river which is, perhaps, the most remarkable of all known waters, as a type of the purely romantic in scenery. This stream, which still retains its Indian name, lies between ranges of precipitous hills that still preserve for it its primeval character—a character, let us hope, that it will always preserve. Along its banks, through its whole extent, trees and vines hang down to the water's edge, and frequent springs drip from the rocks. Except at times—in the spring and autumn, when swollen with heavy rains—its waters

have, in many places, scarcely a perceptible motion; it seems to be the bosom of a lake. Its unbroken quiet, its dense woodland, its pine-crowned hills, its sunless recesses, and sense of separation from the outer world, contrast strongly with the broad lawns, the

open, flowing river, and the bright sunshine, which characterise the banks of the Schuylkill. It is a chosen spot for youth and old age, for all those whom simple love of Nature contents; and it has been the home of romance, the theme of song, the source of illu-



Autumn Leaves.

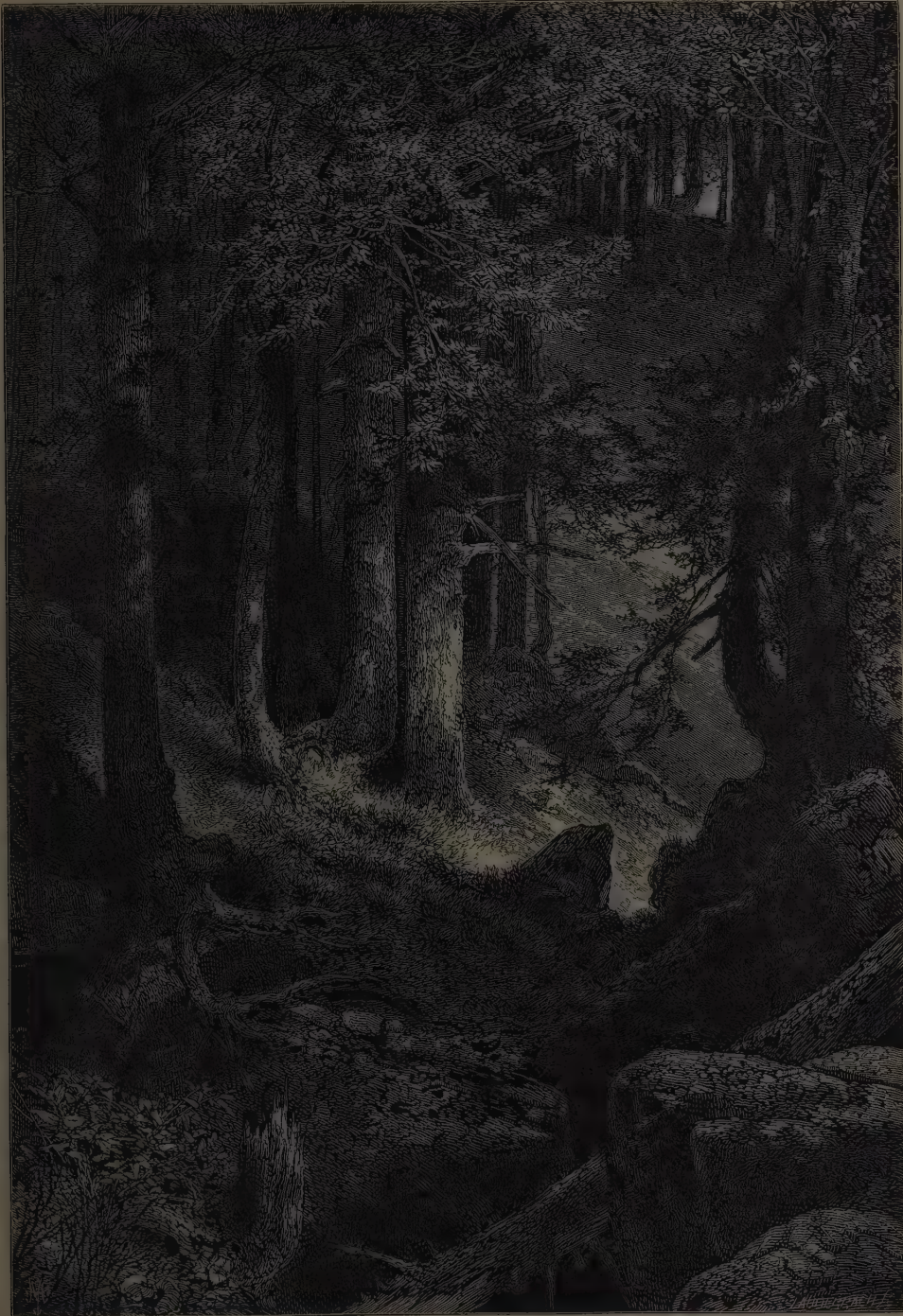
sions and legends, from the earliest times to our own days. One spot in particular, the "Devil's Pool," is associated with the superstitions of the early days of the province; and now, for more than half a century, has been a favourite haunt for all lovers of Nature.

It is certainly a wild place: rocks are thrown together in great masses, and the long trunks of hemlocks and pines jut up from the darkness around the pool into the sunshine above.

Not far up the river is "Greenwood Dam," a sort of key to the

artist's position in taking sketches, since the views on every side make the most beautiful effects. It is a nook where in all directions are distributed the materials that a painter loves—the old bridge, the sluice escaping around an abandoned water-gate, the ridges of rocks tumbling up the hills in fantastic shapes, the pre-

cipices dark with clinging woods. A quarter of a mile farther, and on the summit of a steep hill, stands an oblong stone building, known as the "Monastery." Some of the windows of the building have been closed up, but the three encircling cornices above each story, the durable character of its masonry, the tall chimney,



Forest on the Wissahickon.

and a sort of venerable expression that looks out from its rough faces, indicate that it is a landmark of a past generation. The scenery at this point is very romantic. The suggestive old building; the trees along the hillside set on rocks instead of natural soil; the road itself perched high above a chasm; the roaring and

tumbling of the waters below you as you ascend the hill; the sudden change to a dead silence as your carriage rolls along into a dense environment of forest-trees—are all impressive in a very remarkable degree.

On the opposite side of the stream looms grandly up "Indian

Rock," and here the stream enters a deep gorge. The hills tower almost perpendicularly; and the place has the solemn stillness of the shores of some far-off waters in the yet unbroken wilderness. A few huge rocks lie in the bed of the creek, but make no eddies in the water. The woods, clothing the enclosing steep, bury their shadows in its dark surface. The rock, wild and lofty, crowns the summit of the eastern range of hills. It is shaped like a pulpit, square, and with a deep cavity in its front. On its top stands the rude figure of an Indian, set there in remembrance of

the last chief of the aborigines (the Lenni-Lenape tribes) on these grounds.

Fairmount Park is literally full of such Elysian haunts, pleasant alike in the glowing summer, or in the gorgeous-hued autumn when the foliage, myriad-tinted, is bathed in the subduing haze of the Indian-summer. There are spots which are, indeed, the happiest of resting-places; where one may dream of past dreams, hear songs of spring again which dead voices had sung, and linger in a melancholy more sweet than joy.

NORWAY.*

By R. T. PRITCHETT, F.S.A.

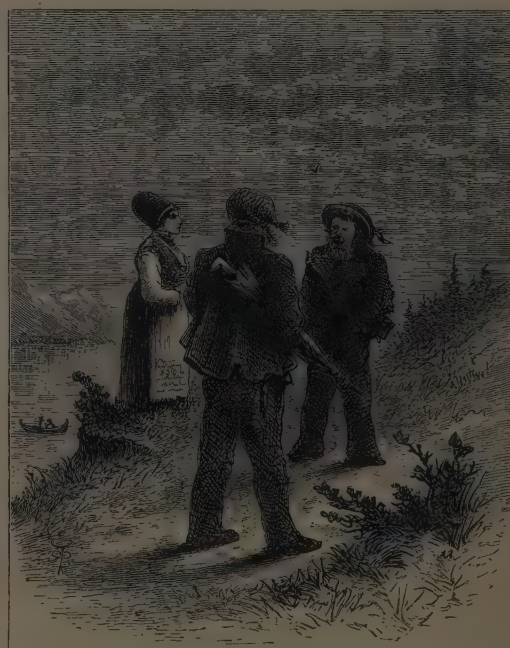
CHAPTER XI.



HE travelling in Norway is principally carried on by cariole, row boat, and steamer. From the immense extent of seaboard the latter mode has naturally been much cultivated and well developed; more especially as the Government has not only countenanced it, but encouraged its development in every possible way. Our route in this paper draws our attention to this last mode of conveyance, and we leave Bergen, with all its interesting monuments, associations, costumes, and commercial interests, to wend our way up the coast to the north. Starting from the port, with its varieties of shipping from all parts of Europe, its Nordlander "Jagts" always prominent, its churches standing well out from the moist haze and smoke of the city, a scene at all times picturesque, we soon settle down for steamboat travelling. On this occasion there was a very unusual bustle at the mouth of the port, a fresh breeze was blowing, and a small schooner yacht was being towed out for a trial trip. From the amount of bunting and excitement, not only on board the yacht, but on shore and on our steamer, this was evidently a great event. Her sails all ready to be hoisted as soon as the hawser was let go, one would imagine that chase was about to be given to a smuggler, or that a viking had appeared in the offing. It was, however, only for a sail, and our little coast steamer was soon away by herself, ploughing in loneliness through the fjord. And now for the healthy pleasant delights of sea-coast trips. With our luggage quietly stowed awaiting our bidding, and a calm satisfaction that the steamer was well found, our meals punctual and plenteous, our captain well up to his work, the steward anxious to take care of us, and our travelling companions likely to be agreeable—the Norwegians being kindly to strangers who are courteous to them—there is in fact only one drawback to the steamer work; it is this, and it occurs in the forepart of the vessel. "Schaal" † for Gamle Norge is a good thing and a noble sentiment, but too often repeated, with the usual accompaniments, it becomes offensive. The peasants come on board at the numerous stations, and can procure on board every variety of spirit which cannot be obtained on shore. They, therefore, make the most of their opportunity, and soon the demon of our own land appears—"inebriation"—bringing discomfort to the recipient, misery to his belongings, disgust in his surroundings, and finally a besotted and wrecked old age; for although strong constitutions may resist its inroads for a time, they must inevitably succumb at last and pay the penalty. Either the victim is quarrelsome or maudlingly stupid: the demon makes his mark in so many ways. The natural expression of the features is no more to be found, the eye loses its brightness, its sweetness is changed for heavy moistness, its telegraphic and sensitive

expression is no more, the lips, before so full of character, are no longer the exponents of subtle feeling, the hand trembles, the feet shuffle, the whole frame is limp, the muscles are flaccid, and the brain muddled to futile dreaming. If this be a curse in public, what must it be when it invades a home, and the wife longs to see her husband free from this evil spirit and restored to his former noble nature?

But let us turn to the feast to which nature invites us. At every moment the seascape changes, new peaks open to us, the clouds are massing, ready to be gilded by the setting sun, and soon we have the heavens in a blaze of fiery glory and impressive grandeur. As we approach the outer islands of the Norwegian coast we find strong glacial markings, less vegetation, and the characteristics of the line of route, all up the west coast of Norway, can be carefully and comfortably studied by the most moderate "sailors," as the outlying islands keep the steamer track quite smooth, and it is only when the entrance of some large fjord is passed that any motion is felt or any rolling occurs. The villages



Nordfjord Peasants.

generally nestle close to the water-side, the church in the centre, the præstegaard close by; but a variation occurs in one village particularly: the church answers the double purpose of God's service and the fisher's beacon, and is placed well upon the top of the hill. There are many excuses made by exemplary Christians for not going to church, but the difficulty of access to the one in this case suggests to the pilgrim the frequent cry of "Excelsior," while he would be very thankful if it were lower. In making this passage those who are in Norway for the first

* Continued from page 360, volume for 1877.

† Health.

time must be struck by seeing that both sides of the vessel are sometimes within three feet of the bare rocks, which go down precipitously into the sea. No wonder, then, that the old woodcuts of the sixteenth century show large rings in the face of bare sea rocks for the vessels to moor to. One part of the coast near

Steensund is most bare; the masses of rock, entirely rounded by ice in past ages, seem to be too smooth for vegetation to get a footing. The spot, however, finds favour with lobsters, who seem to thrive here, and ultimately find themselves in England, ending their days decorated with the usual dish garnishing



Ousen.

of parsley. Even for lobster, travelling is very expensive, for the difference of price between lobsters there and lobsters in England is simply astonishing.

On some parts of the west coast red deer are found, and now that these animals are scarce it seems a pity they should be in danger of extermination. Better far would it be if the *chasseur*

had strength of mind and self-denial sufficient to induce him to give these last of their race such a respite or a series of closed seasons as to let them increase in number. One fine head came on board—a very healthy, powerful horn, and royal on both sides. The beam was much thicker than it usually is in the horns of stags killed in Scotland, and very grand in form.



The Island of Alden.

The haunch weighed thirty-eight pounds English, so that it must have been a "gude beastie."

After passing the entrance of the Sogne Fjord, and having experienced a little rolling, we sighted the island of "Alden," a very imposing mass of rock, supposed to resemble a lion's head; and, fortunately for us, there was less mist rolling

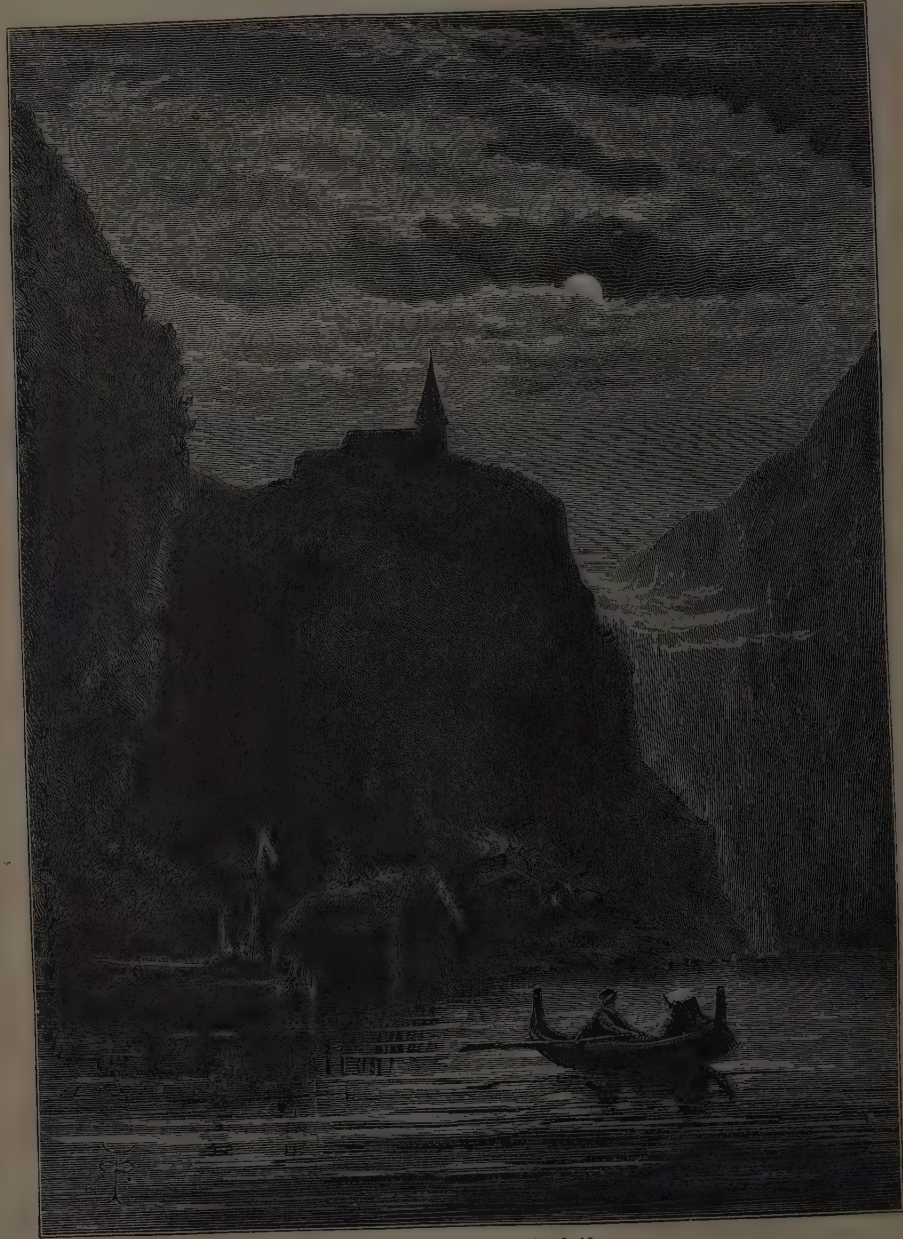
around it than usual. It would have been a sad disappointment had we only had its whereabouts suggested to us—and that is the fate of many who are anxious to see it. Our wholesome little craft soon leaves Alden far behind, and we begin to worm our way through narrow passages, with the rocks nearer than ever to her sides; and at last we leave her to take a boat,

in order that we may row up to Ousen, a lovely spot, with such garden roofs, such farm buildings, and such a farm-house! The spot where we landed is shown in the woodcut. The river was of the most beautiful soda-water-bottle colour; the wooden buildings topped with the mountain-ash in all its gala beauty of bright clusters of berries. The beams used in the construction of the houses were very old and very large, and the size of the Sea House suggests the importance of this locality as a centre for general merchandize. We arrived here about three in the morning, and the servant at the farm-house showed us to our

rooms, which had a weird ghostly appearance from their bareness, size, and height. The old staircase indicated that once it had been well kept up; and then, as we looked about for some indication of date, we at last found a good specimen of a snapbalance pistol, dating about 1625, which tallied well with the period we had already assigned to the house.

We had now left the sea for a time, and, after a few hours' rest the Tentmaster-General reported everything ready for a start. And soon we were *en route* for Sande.

Sande is a place of sweet waters to the traveller. After rough



The Village and Church of Alva.

roads, bad beds, sparse food, and occasional parasites—what a change! The probability is that a stranger would pass the comfortable-looking house, with its creepers over the porch, its well-stocked garden, and English home-life and generally inviting appearance. The geniality and kindly welcome offered by the master of the house is also a joy, and every one who visits it has a strong wish to rest for a while in such agreeable quarters. The valley is very bold and grand, and good expeditions can be made in all directions. The Paymaster-General, with honest

pride, pointed out to us where, on a former visit, he had killed a fine fish, and seemed to realise the fact that, having once experienced that pleasure, you can go on killing the same fish, with all its pleasant associations, for the rest of your life. Soon had we, however, to leave this inviting spot for rougher quarters. We were due north, to be up for August 1st for reindeer; and as time, tide, and August 1st wait for no man, we started for our next station—Nedre Vasenden, on the Jolster Vand; and when we arrived there no luxuriant garden growth welcomed us.



HENRIETTE BROWNE. PINX^t

H. HOLL. SCULPT^r

ALSACE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF M^{rs} A. M. MARSDEN LONDON.

NEW BOSTON CHURCHES.

IN an article in the *Art Journal* for October last we described and illustrated the towers and steeples of some of the new churches in Boston. We now give views of these churches in full, with engravings of others not included in our former article.



New Old South Church.

We there described the quarter known as the Back Bay, which twenty-five years ago was a waste of water and swamp, but is now the most fashionable and elegant part of the city.

As one approaches Boston from the west in the cars, he is especially struck by the large number and ostentatious appearance of the sacred edifices scattered over this quarter. There are so many of them, indeed, that the Back Bay has been somewhat irreverently nicknamed the "Holy Land." They present, moreover, a striking contrast to the simple, solid, old-fashioned architecture of those Boston churches which remain in the longer-settled portions of the city. The plain square walls and towers of the old Brattle Square Church, of King's Chapel, and of the now-vanished Trinity Church, the Puritanical modesty and contempt for show betrayed in the Old South and the Park Street Church, have been replaced on the Back Bay by gorgeous edifices, which in some cases resemble rather temples devoted to the rites of Oriental religions than the sanctuaries of the descendants of the Puritans. No architectural device or conceit seems to have been forgotten in the construction of these churches; thousands have been spent in curious and superfluous adornments, in elaborate carving and gilding, and in the bold attempt to combine the most obtrusively ornamental features of many styles of architecture, not only Gothic, Saxon, and Renaissance, but Indian and Byzantine as well.

It has become the fashion, indeed, for the wealthier religious societies of Boston, not only to seek a location, at a large cost, somewhere on the Back Bay lands, but, this obtained, to vie with each other in the ostentation and singularity of their houses of worship. In old Boston the churches are fast disappearing; they have almost vanished from the quarter where forty years ago they clustered thickest. The first church erected on the Back Bay

was that presided over by the Rev. Dr. Gannett, and is to be seen at the corner of Boylston and Arlington Streets. This society is one of the oldest in Boston, having been formed as long ago as 1727. It was originally Presbyterian, but passed first into the hands of the Congregationalists, and finally into those of the Unitarians. Among its pastors was the famous William Ellery Channing. When the new church was built on the Back Bay it was regarded as a very handsome and imposing specimen of church architecture. Its freestone walls, its lofty, symmetrical, and variously-decorated spire, its high and tasteful façade, were greatly admired. But the Arlington Street Church has been so far outstripped by more recent constructions that Bostonians no longer speak of it as one of the notable monuments of their city.

One of the most conspicuous of the newer churches on the Back Bay land is that occupied by the "First" Society of Boston—a society originally Congregationalist, but which has, like so many other Boston societies, drifted, in the course of years, into Unitarianism. Its first edifice was erected, as long ago as 1632, on what is now State Street, and was a very modest, unpretending building, such as it might be supposed the early Puritans would erect. Several years later the society became more pretentious, and put up a church near their former one, at the lower end of what is now Washington Street. This was burned in 1711. More recently the society occupied a substantial but by no means imposing sanctuary in Chauncy Street, whence it moved, in 1868, to the ornamental church it now occupies on the corner of Arlington and Marlborough Streets. This was erected at an expense of nearly \$200,000, and its architecture is very ornate and attractive, as it



New Old First Church, Berkeley Street.

displays fewer incongruities than some of its more ambitious neighbours. Its porch and vestibule are especially notable; its spire is high and symmetrical; while the church within is lighted up by brilliant and vari-coloured painted windows, after designs bor-

rowed from some old-time English originals. The Berkeley Street Church is also noted for its organ; and there is ample space in it to accommodate a thousand sitters.

A more recent and the most ostentatious construction as yet on the outskirts of the Back Bay settlement is the new edifice erected by the society which has hitherto occupied the most historic of Boston churches—the Old South. Amazed, indeed, would be the ecclesiastical ancestors of the present society could they be summoned from their graves to observe the contrast between the venerable building in which they were content to worship and the gorgeous temple, a showy combination of mediæval and Oriental designs, which their successors require. The new Old South is, indeed, a singular pile of buildings, rather than a single building. Grouped together are the church, the chapel, and the parsonage, the whole having a front of two hundred feet, and built of Roxbury stone. The lofty tower (illustrated in our previous



Brattle Square Society Church.

article) rises two hundred and thirty feet, and is surmounted with a steep roofing; while a gilded copper dome, painted green, with pinnacles, forms a feature above the central roof, which reminds one of the minaretted domes of the East. Perhaps there is no edifice in Boston more richly decorated with carvings in wood and stone, within and without. The windows are of stained glass, and represent subjects selected from the New Testament. "Especially noticeable," says a writer, "are an arched screen of Caen stone, with shafts of Siena marble, which separates the chief vestibule from the church, and another screen of wood, enclosing the pulpit and carrying a choir gallery. There are also three fine panels of Venetian mosaic, filling the heads of the arches of as many doorways." The new Old South seats nearly a thousand persons.

Equally prominent to the eye as one approaches Boston from the west is the new church of the Brattle Square Society, which presents quite as violent a contrast to its



Harvard Street Church, Brookline.



Trinity Church.

former modest habitation as does the Old South. The old Brattle Square Church was one of those square-towered, plain, solid-looking, wooden edifices which are now so rapidly vanishing from our great cities, and to find which one must wander remote from the centres of fashionable habitation. The new building is in the form of a Greek cross, and, like the new Old South, is built of Roxbury stone, quarried in the near vicinity of Boston. The lofty tower, which looms quite as high as that of the Old South, is the most curious and conspicuous feature of the building. (See *Art Journal* for October, 1877.) It is surmounted by a steep conical roof, below which are carved figures ranged around the tower. At each of the corners are statues of four angels, who are represented as blowing gilded trumpets. The glitter of these in the sunlight produces a curious effect, and seems rather incongruous with the sombre tint of the stone and the massive and solid character of the tower. The interior of the Brattle Square Church is less ornate than the Old South, and harmonises with the solidity of design apparent in the general features of the exterior; the organ, however, is very handsomely decorated in colour.

In some respects the newly-completed Harvard Street Church, in Brookline, a lovely suburb, is the most remarkable of all the re-

cently built sacred edifices in and near Boston. It carries the luxury of late church architecture to its last extreme. Every part is planned in the most elaborate design, and it is decorated with the greatest profusion of architectural decoration and fancy. Occupying a large space, every detail has been studied with a view to brilliant and imposing effect. The steeple rises very high, and in the finest proportion; every window, buttress, and arch, has its peculiarity of almost fantastic ornamentation; crosses of various design surmount steeple, doorway, and gable. Within the decoration is equally lavish, the ceiling representing the firmament, with stars glittering on its deep-blue ground. The organ, as is now the fashion, is very gaily gilded and painted, and forms the most noticeable object within the church.

The new Trinity Church, recently constructed on the Back Bay, bids fair to rival the others as a striking and peculiar specimen of architecture. It is in the form of a Latin cross; its tower, rising from the centre of the roof above the junction of the nave and transept, is flanked by four turrets, and is broad and massive; while the exterior of the chancel is adorned by some fine mosaic designs in polished granite. The interior of the church, with its artistic decorations by Mr. John Lafarge, was described in the *Art Journal* for September last.

COMPETITION DRAWINGS AT SOUTH KENSINGTON.



HE annual exhibition of Art-works, "Pure and applied," produced by the various schools in affiliation with South Kensington, London, was recently opened to the public in two large rooms adjoining the National Portrait-Gallery. Architecture, sculpture, painting, wood-carving, furniture and fabric designing, detailed mechanical

drawing—Art generally, in short, both in its pictorial and industrial aspects—were more or less fully represented; and, considering how far apart many of the towns are, it is surprising how level the excellence is throughout. Drawing, for example, appears to be just as well taught in Dublin, Birkenhead, Edinburgh, and several other towns represented in the exhibition, as it is in South Kensington itself.

St. Mary's, Westminster, carried off the National Gold Medal for a fabric-design. We know not what the principles are upon which the judges made their awards; but if delicacy of pattern and of colour in a textile fabric go for anything, then assuredly St. Mary's deserved the prize. Leeds, however, stepped close upon St. Mary's heels, and bore off the National Silver Medal, and Macclesfield came next with the National Bronze Medal. We should like to know the kind of texture to which each artist meant his design to be applied; because the two manufacturing towns have evidently submitted themselves more to conventional principles of design than has St. Mary's; and it is highly probable that the "goods" for which they intended their patterns were of a very different kind from those contemplated by St. Mary's artist.

We think, indeed, that the kind and class of texture ought always to be mentioned, if the efforts of the artist are to have full justice done them. And this reminds us that such exhibitions lose half their value to the general public for lack of a catalogue. The descriptions on the designs are often very incomplete; and surely when we are making so important a diagnosis as that of the æsthetic state of the empire, we ought to have printed aids to enable us to view the subject in every possible light and relation, and which will remain to the public at large a lasting record of the exhibition.

In designs for ribbons, Coventry, as was to be expected, made a very brave show, and Macclesfield is to be congratulated on the taste displayed in its patterns for silk handkerchiefs. One has only to go back a single generation to discover what an immense advance has been made in these and in all other branches of applied Art. The specimens of Surface Decoration, for example, sent in by Yarmouth, Nottingham, Macclesfield, and South Kensington, reached a high level as regards both invention and taste.

Interior Decoration, again, has advanced marvellously since the first Great Exhibition, as may be seen by the design for a fireplace in oak or marble, in the period of the Renaissance, contributed by Newcastle-upon-Tyne; by that for door of dining-room, mahogany inlaid with ebony and satin-wood—the mouldings, by-the-way, not so nicely relieved in the drawing as they might have been; and by the drawing-room design from Lancaster, remarkable for grace and subdued golden tone. We have also to commend the ceiling and inlaid fireplace from Westminster, the *sgraf-fito* decoration for wall of an entrance-hall, and the chaste semi-geometrical design for the walls of a dining-room, the last two from Nottingham.

In decorative iron-work Birmingham sent a well-considered design for iron rails; Sheffield a decidedly handsome park-gate; and Belfast a monumental railing in wrought-iron of striking design and noble proportion.

Architectural and engineering drawings are not so abundant as they might have been. Among the former we have from the Bedford Church Institute a design for a town hall, which comes very well together, but is rather heavily florid in its Gothic details. This carried off a third-grade prize. A Gothic church with a central tower, rather over-elaborated like the other, yet full of nice feeling in some of its details, secured a bronze medal, as did also a Renaissance manor-house, exhibiting much adaptive ingenuity and taste. In machinery, Dundee and Lincoln occupied a prominent place.

In drawing and painting we are glad to see that the judges gave due consideration to the seizing of general effect, and for this quality alone awarded prizes. In chalk-drawing, for example, they by no means allowed the exquisite stippling, so much affected by the Royal Academy, to blind them to the merits of those artists who reach their effects by the "stump," a fact for which we feel grateful. It need scarcely be remarked that the oil-painting is in a general way inferior to the water-colours. The West London School took the National Gold Medal with a group of apples, holly, and mistletoe, delightful in detail, but scarcely so satisfactory in mass and tone as the group from the Lincoln School of an ivory tankard, plate, oranges, and other fruits, to which also a National Gold Medal was given. The Bloomsbury Female School carried off the National Silver Medal and also a bronze medal. To Exeter a National Bronze Medal was awarded. In oils, Lincoln and Portsmouth took both gold and silver medals, and the Edinburgh and Kensington Female Schools were not without honour.

DECORATIVE FURNITURE.*

A CONNECTED history of decorative furniture has not before been attempted. With the exception of the "Dictionnaire du Mobilier" of M. Viollet-le-Duc, the important works of M. Labarte, and Mr. Hungerford Pollen's admirable "Catalogue of the Furniture in the South Kensington Museum," the subject remained to be written. It was reserved to the late Albert Jacquemart to fill up the gap; so well known for his studies on ceramic art, no one was more fitted to the task. Indefatigable and patient in research, careful in his verification of names and dates, he gives us the fruit of the studies of a life. Unhappily he did not live to see the completion of the work; the task of publishing it has devolved on his son, who has admirably fulfilled his labour of love, and has embellished the book with his excellent and truthful illustrations.

It has been too much the habit to decry furniture as a mere industrial product, the work of the joiner and the cabinet-maker, and having nothing in common with Art; but in former days the most famous sculptors, architects, and painters, did not hesitate to assist the artisan with their taste and genius. They considered so doing the surest road to public favour. The multitude were not rich enough to instruct themselves by buying pictures and statues, they could best be reached through the medium of the industrial arts, of the objects in common use; so the old masters

thought, and they liberally furnished designs for the locksmith, the goldsmith, or the cabinet-maker, and the most humble object of domestic use issuing from their hands became a work of finished Art. The great artists must, therefore, be studied and judged, not only by their masterpieces in painting, sculpture, and architecture, but must be followed into the workshops where such excellent works were produced after their designs. The history of furniture, therefore, is a complement to the history of Art.

To derive advantage from the subject the history of furniture must be studied systematically. The first question which arises is, What is *moblier*? "Everything which serves to furnish the apartment," says the dictionary of the Academy. M. Jacquemart takes it in its widest acceptance, and divides it into four industrial groups: furniture properly so called; tapestry and hangings—the work of the upholsterer; the small furniture which serves for decoration—that is, objects of Art derived from the statuary; and objects of ornamental Art.

Of all the monuments of domestic life belonging to the Middle Ages, household furniture is the rarest, and can scarcely now be met with; but we know that in early times it was "movable" in the strictest sense of the word. The requirements of defence caused castles and fortresses to be built, both to stop the



Italian Coffers of the Sixteenth Century.

invasion of an enemy and to protect the peasants who grouped around them. Lords and vassals, rich and poor, foreseeing a victorious invasion, or the necessity of fighting far from their homes in the cause of their country, held themselves in readiness to pack up in huge chests (*bahuts*) their goods and chattels, money, and other valuables, to carry away with them. The chest, therefore, was the earliest piece of furniture; and even later, when the articles of furniture had become more numerous, the necessity of transport still existed. Beds made with joints, tables on trestles, chairs to fold—in a word, a whole camp furniture ready to be packed up and placed on sumpter mules, with the hangings and carpets which were hooked to the walls or spread upon the seats, wherever a residence was found for the moment. Kings and nobles, whether in peace or war, carried their goods about with them, and portable furniture and hangings were the principal objects of household use.

It is, therefore, strictly speaking, after the disturbed times of the Middle Ages that furniture, as we understand it, exists; that

is, a number of objects placed in the different divisions of a house to give it an agreeable aspect, and to satisfy the various wants of its inmates.

The primitive workmen were the carpenters; with them Art was secondary, solidity the primary quality for these chests, destined to travel upon the backs of sumpter mules; and their most ancient ornamentation consisted in wrought-iron clamps and hinges to add to their strength.

The first requirements in furniture were very limited, the chest to contain the property, a seat to sit upon, a table to eat upon, and a bed for repose. Sometimes the chest answered for all these requisites.

The furniture of the Middle Ages was entirely of oak, and the finest specimens are to be found in the sacristies and stalls of the cathedrals, or in the seignorial habitations, where the chair of the master of the house, with high back and dais, was elaborately carved with Gothic foliage and tracery.

In the sixteenth century furniture adapted to modern use becomes more common, the practice of transport still exists, but the more cumbersome pieces are shut up in the *garderobe*, or storeroom.

The Renaissance now appears, the Gothic makes place for

* "Histoire du Mobilier: recherches et notes sur les objets d'Art qui peuvent composer l'ameublement et les collections de l'homme du monde et du curieux." Par Albert Jacquemart. Paris, Hachette & Cie. 1876.

Classic art, oak is replaced by walnut, the wood-sculptor takes possession of furniture, and enriches it with elegant groups and graceful arabesques, inspired by Jean Goujon and his school. Distant navigation procures Indian products, and introduces the porcelain, carpets, and lacquers of the East. The chest, originally destined to contain the furniture and goods of the owner, has its surface now decorated either with gold and paintings, or inlaid with the geometric patterns derived from the East, styled "*certosina*," from the Carthusian monasteries where the art was practised. They were also sometimes profusely decorated with figure-sculpture, and filled the wall-spaces of the halls and corridors. These chests were given as marriage presents to contain the clothes of the bride: a custom that has been perpetuated in the *corbeille de mariage* of present times. The South Kensington collection is especially rich in these *cassoni*.

The sixteenth century was the age of ebony, either carved or incrustated with ivory; it was specially adopted by the court of France, but its gloomy style was soon dispelled by the advent



Chair: time of Louis XV.

of Louis XIV., whose reign forms the great epoch in the history of furniture. It was then that Art rose in France to its greatest perfection; thenceforth all sumptuary fashions were French, and the leadership which France retained for one hundred and fifty years was due to the personal taste for splendour of the king, and more still to the intelligence of his minister Colbert.

Louis XIV. is certainly of all sovereigns the one who best knew how to surround royal majesty with the most dazzling lustre. He required sumptuous palaces to reside in; Versailles realised his dream, and he then desired that the furniture to be placed in these galleries, resplendent with mirrors, gildings, paintings, and sculptures, should be worthy of such company, and show to the world a splendour hitherto unknown. Clear in his conceptions, the king understood that it was necessary to confide to real artists, not to mere mechanics, the manufacture of his carpets, furniture, and goldsmith's work. In order to surround himself with the most competent, he first granted lodgings in the Louvre to those artists who had distinguished themselves by the production of exceptional works; but to effect

the harmony necessary among all the manufactures, and to submit to one common thought all individual compositions, he centralised the different workshops at the Gobelins, placing them under the direction of his principal painter, Lebrun. Tapestry, carpets, goldsmith's work, mosaics, cabinet-makers, chasers in metal, were all under his charge, and not a lock, furniture mount, or the smallest object of room decoration, was allowed to pass without his immediate supervision, if not after his own design.

Those who visited the Exhibition of Costume at Paris will



Inkstand of Marie Antoinette.

recollect a remarkable tapestry commemorative of the royal visit to the Gobelins. Attended by Colbert and Lebrun, the king, as the contemporary Gazette relates, entered the courtyard, which was hung round with tapestries, and ornamented with pictures, statues, and trophies, forming a triumphal arch. On a buffet raised on twelve steps was set out the gold and silver plate, basins six feet in diameter, and other magnificent pieces of equal dimensions. His Majesty next went to the workshops



Italian Candlestick of the Sixteenth Century.

to see the pictures, sculptures, inlaid woods, high and low warp looms, and Persian carpets. This tapestry is the more important as giving us representations of many works which have since entirely disappeared.

Among those who designed the furniture such as befitted the royal residence was André Charles Boule, who introduced the marquetry of brass and tortoiseshell which bears his name. He

covered the large surfaces of his ebony furniture with inlaid tortoiseshell shaped out and incrustated with arabesques, scrolls, and ornaments in thin brass and white metal, sometimes enriched by engraving. This brilliant mosaic was also accompanied by bas-reliefs in metal chased and gilded, masks, scrolls, mouldings, terminal figures, and other elaborate ornamentation. To give the desired exactness to the work of incrustation, Boule contrived the plan of superposing two plates of equal size and thickness, one of metal the other of tortoiseshell, and after having traced his design, cutting them out with the same stroke of the saw; he thus obtained four proofs of the composition: two at the base, where the design appeared in hollow spaces; two ornamental, which were placed in the spaces of the opposite ground piece, fitting therein exactly and without any perceptible joining. The result of this practice was seen in two different and simultaneous pieces of furniture: one, designated as the first part, was the tortoiseshell ground with the metal applications; the other, called the second part, was *appliqué* metal with tortoiseshell arabesques. The counterpart therefore being still more rich than the type, the pieces were arranged with crossed effects; and in his great compositions Boule found means to add to the splendour of the effect by simultaneously employing the first and second parts in suitably balanced masses. This assemblage is to be seen in perfection in the pieces of Boule furniture exhibited at Bethnal Green by Sir Richard Wallace. While admitting the grand effect as a whole of the two styles invented by Boule, we must be of opinion that the first part should be held in higher estimation as being the more complete. Take, for instance, one of the beautiful types issued from the hands of the artist, and we shall see how the elaborate graving corrects the coldness of the outlines, the shells trace their furrows of light, the draperies fall in graceful disordered folds, the grotesque masks become animated, the branches of foliage are lightened by the strongly marked veins of the leaves, everything lives and has a language. Observe the counterpart; it is but a reflection of the idea—the faded shadow of the original.

The furniture of Boule was specially adapted to decorate the gigantic saloons and state apartments of Versailles. Those large console tables, with carved legs and rich mounts in chased metal, filled the piers between the windows, and were laden with vases of porphyry or jasper, with golden mountings and chased wreaths reflected by countless glasses. Mirrors, not brought from Venice, but of French manufacture, became a general element in room decoration; tapestry he heightened with gold and silver; Turkey carpets of extraordinary dimensions, lacquers of China and Japan, associated with marquetry, clocks, bronzes, columns of Florentine mosaic, statues ancient and modern, everything that luxury could desire was assembled together; but at the same time a complete absence of furniture for comfort or use. This also was the age of wood carving and gilding. Contemporary with Louis XIV. was our great sculptor Grinling Gibbons, who carried wood-carving to the highest pitch of technical execution, as well as of truth in natural forms. The flowers and foliage of his groups sweep round in harmonious curves, his animals are so many creations of nature.

Never was there a greater change than on the accession of Louis XV. Exaggerated caprice takes the place of grandeur, simplicity is unknown. Adieu to architectural symmetry and geometric lines; everything is twisted and tortured in broken and fantastic rock and shell curves, whence the terms *rococo* (from *rocaille*) and *coquille*, given to the style of the period. Exuberant foliage appears in everything. Once entered into the new style, the cabinet-makers plunged desperately on; nor was bronze free from the eccentricities of wood; glasses were surrounded with impossible vegetation which twisted into girandoles and lustres, invaded picture-frames, and surrounded the portraits of Vanloo and Natoire. The eighteenth century is the climax of marquetry of coloured woods. The impulse had been given under Louis XIV. and developed rapidly, from the time of the Regency to the end of the century. The progress of commerce had a considerable share in this development, distant countries contributed their brilliant products, and furnished new woods of varied tints; but soon afterwards even these became

too restricted, and a method was invented of submitting the wood to artificial colouring. Splendid vases of flowers, in their natural colours, their leaves varied with every shade of green, appear on the sides of the *armoires*, and Boucher's pastoral scenes cover the panelling of the cabinets. Oriental porcelain is introduced into every decoration, the jars of China and Japan and the grotesque *magots* are mounted in richly chased metal. Later Sèvres and Saxony added their products, and



Clock: time of Louis XIV.

tables and chimney-pieces are covered with groups, vases, and girandoles. Caffieri produces his capricious but exquisitely executed bronzes, and Martin introduces on snuffboxes, tables, and carriages, the fine lac varnish which bears his name. Chippendale at this period carved mahogany in the French *rococo* style.

Towards the end of the reign a reform is evident; furniture assumes a more tranquil appearance. The change is attributed

to Madame de Pompadour, who diplomatically called it the "style à la Reine." Marie Antoinette was to complete the reformation.

With Louis XVI. elegant simplicity reappears—a protest against the *rocailles* and excesses of the preceding reign. The style is modelled after the antique, scrolls of slender acanthus support the mouldings, the quills which fill the fluted columns are cut into beads, fine arabesque work, after the *loggie* of the Vatican, forming the panelling of the rooms. This is the epoch of delicate ornamentation, simple white relieved by pink or sky-blue takes the place of gilding, and the consoles are white with marble tops; the furniture of a pale figured satin. Room decoration had found the secret of refined taste, as may be seen at the South Kensington Museum, in the room prepared, it is said, under the direction of Marie Antoinette, for one of her ladies. Oriental porcelain was out of fashion, and replaced by Sèvres; beautiful furniture was made with *plaques* of Sèvres china, painted expressly to form panels for such pieces, while Reisener's exquisitely worked marquetry was enriched with the gilt bronzes of Gouthière; these two artists working in concert. The secretary or rounded bureau made for Stanislaus, King of Poland, now belonging to Sir Richard Wallace, is one of the finest specimens of Reisener's cabinets. Another nearly similar, by Gouthière, is in the Louvre. In England at this period worked Cipriani and Angelica Kauffman, who both painted medallions and ornaments upon table tops, consoles, and cabinets made of satin-wood.

At the end of the century, massive mahogany appears, and continues under the Directory, Empire, and Restoration. As in the sixteenth, so in the eighteenth century, new ideas rushed extravagantly in the direction of Republican antiquity and Roman taste. Under the Empire, after the Egyptian campaign, classical designs were affected, and chairs and tables were copied from vases and bas-reliefs.

Abandoned by sculptors, architects, and painters, the artisan, at the present time, employs in turn the processes and materials of every century, without striking out a style of his own. In the thirteenth century furniture was the work of the carpenter and painter; in the fifteenth that of the joiner, and in the sixteenth that of the sculptor. In the seventeenth the cabinet-makers and workers in metal regulate the style; in the eighteenth marquetry and chasing; now it is the work of nobody.

After a general sketch of the history of furniture, M. Jacquemart takes each kind in detail, not forgetting the products of the East, which the author has made the subject of his unceasing study. First is furniture in carved wood, then furniture incrustated in *piqué*, ebony incrustated with ivory, furniture with hard stones, or *pietra dura*, ornamented with bronze, with *plaques* of tortoiseshell and metal (Boule), with marquetry of different

woods, overlaid with porcelain *plaques*, lacquered, &c. He next passes to the second division of his subject—tapestry, embroidery, and tissues. Dagobert, when he lavished all the resources of the art of the goldsmith and sculptor upon his new Cathedral of St. Denis, caused the walls and columns to be covered with hangings of gold enriched with pearls. So early as 985 the monks of Saumur wove tapestry ornamented with flowers and animals, and the prelates of Italy addressed their orders for tapestry and carpets to a manufactory at Poitiers. Later, Arras, Lille, Brussels, &c., spread everywhere their products, crowned by the inimitable tapestries of the Gobelin looms. Embroidery took its part in the magnificence of the age, and Marie de Médicis, on the occasion of the baptism of one of her children, wore a dress embroidered with 32,000 pearls and 3,000 diamonds. Louis XI. developed the silk manufacture, and Henry IV. encouraged paper and leather hangings.

The objects derived from the statuary form the third division; stone, marble, alabaster, ivory, bronze, and wax, are all reviewed in succession, finishing with the terra-cottas, of which Luca della Robbia and the artists of the Renaissance made such use, and the splendid groups of Clodion, so little appreciated by his contemporaries, and now prized as gold.

The fourth book comprises objects of ornamental Art, among which bronze, one of the first materials employed by human industry, furnishes its medallions and *plaquettes*, in which it traces, in imperishable effigies, contemporary celebrities. Ivory begins its decorative part with the Greeks and Romans, and, later, exercises an important part in art decoration. Bronzes held an important place; candlesticks, fire-dogs, hand-bells, caskets, and even the most common utensils, rivalling in beauty the works of the goldsmith. The finished chasing of the objects in dead gold of the period of Louis XVI. renders them easily recognised. Clocks and timepieces enter into the category of ornamentation, from the monumental clocks, with Boule inlaying and chased bronzes of Louis XIV., to the clock set in diamonds of Marie Antoinette; a specimen of these clocks was sold this year at Christie's for £3,000. Forged iron, *repoussé* copper, and damascened metals, in which M. Jacquemart furnishes a long list of articles, goldsmith's work, jewellery and enamels, ceramics, Oriental lacquers, complete the brilliant succession of works of ornamental Art enumerated by M. Jacquemart in this interesting and instructive book. In his long promenade through the arts, through centuries and nations, the historian of furniture unweariedly pursues his way, scrutinises public and private collections, prepares lists of artists, ranges everything in its place with the patience of the historian, the taste of the artist, and the passion of the amateur. A conscientious, instructive work, learned yet not pedantic, but putting within the reach of all the fruit of his life's labour. F. P.

ART-CONGRESS AT ANTWERP.

"THE influence of democracy on Art," "How to encourage monumental painting to the best advantage," and "Ought the governing body to interfere in encouraging the Fine Arts?" were fully discussed in the various sections of the Art-Congress recently held under the presidency of M. E. Pecher at Antwerp. In the course of the debate on the last subject, M. Hymans complained of the tax levied for the exhibition of Rubens's 'Elevation' and 'Descent from the Cross' in the cathedral. Moreover, the practice of covering these pictures with a curtain, so as to shield them from gratuitous gaze, was asserted, on the authority of Meissonier, to be very injurious to the works; whilst M. Larominier, speaking to the same question, referred to the rather startling fact that during the last two years visitors to the church of St. Jacques were made to pay for seeing what was in reality a copy of Rubens's picture, instead of the original.

But the most important subject which the Congress has had under debate was that of international copyright in works of Art.

It will be remembered that in the year 1858 the Brussels Congress strongly supported the claims of artists to protection from piracy; but, although this principle was triumphantly carried, and the Brussels assembly, composed, as it was, of the most eminent artists and jurists, sought from time to time to establish on solid bases the public guarantees of copyright, their efforts in this direction remained without any effectual result. The Antwerp Congress of 1861, again, met with but little better success; for, although eight European governments sent representatives to this gathering, and the Congress drew up a formula of principles circumscribing the laws of copyright or ownership in works of Art within just limits, and fixing the period when society could and ought to exercise its rights of claiming the resignation of proprietorship for public benefit, their report remained a dead letter. It is to be hoped that the labours of the Antwerp Congress of 1877 will be better rewarded; at present the rights of artists are no better secured than they were in 1861.

ANCIENT IRISH ART. THE FICTILIA OF THE CAIRNS AND CRANNOGS.*

By LLEWELLYNN JEWITT, F.S.A.

REVERTING for a few moments to the fictilia of the cairns of Ireland, about which I gave some particulars in a former paper, I desire to draw attention to some examples of a somewhat different character from those therein engraved. They exhibit, in the case of one or two of the examples, a marked difference in style of ornamentation, and, in some instances, even of

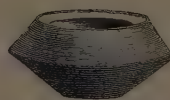
outline. Those I am about to describe were mainly found at Drumnakilly, near Omagh, in county Tyrone, in 1872, and have been most carefully described and illustrated by Mr. Wakeman. "The townland of Drumnakilly," he says, "lying at a distance of five miles and a quarter to the east of Omagh, in the county of Tyrone, though now for the greater part fairly cultivated, was



Figs. 40 and 41.—From Drumnakilly.

down to about thirty years ago, little more than a wilderness of heath-clad bog. As there was not anciently a church or Christian cemetery in the district, the name *Drumnakilly* must be held to mean 'the ridge of the wood,' and this particular ridge or *drum* is doubtlessly the rather conspicuous ele-

vation" to be seen there, not far from the house of its owner, Mr. Kylie. It rises to a height of about forty feet above the general level of the lands, and has been proved, by excavations and discoveries those excavations have resulted in, to be a grave-mound of no ordinary interest.



Figs. 42 to 45.—From Drumnakilly.

One of the finest cinerary urns exhumed at Drumnakilly is the one engraved on Fig. 40. It was the first discovered; it measures about three feet six inches in circumference at the mouth, and is of proportionate height. It is elaborately orna-

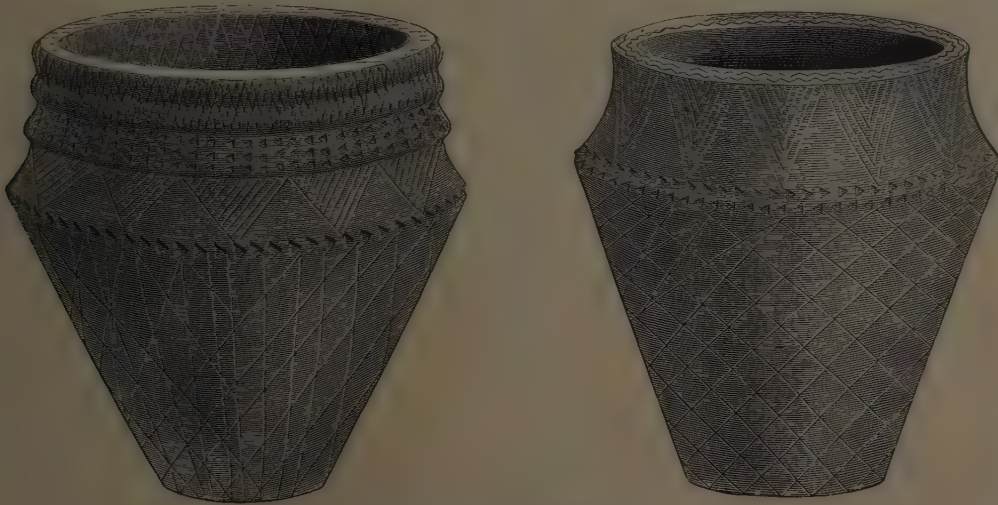
mented with incised lines, "exactly of that class which we find upon the golden ornaments and other antiquities of pre-historic times preserved in our museums." Its outline takes a graceful curve from the mouth, swelling out in the middle, and gradually tapering down to the foot. Around the upper part is a series of perpendicular broad indentations, probably produced by the

* Concluded from page 368, volume for 1877.

finger being pressed into the pliant clay and gradually drawn downwards, and between these the surface is ornamented with herring-bone scoriations. Next follow a number of encircling lines, scoriated between; and the middle part of the urn is richly ornamented with zigzag and horizontal lines. The inside of the rim or mouth is also elaborately ornamented. Another, of much the same general form, but (with the exception of a raised encircling band round the neck) entirely devoid of ornament, shows a severe simplicity of design that is very refreshing. In it

was found an equally simple, but severely classic-shaped, "immolation urn." These are represented by Figs. 42 and 44.

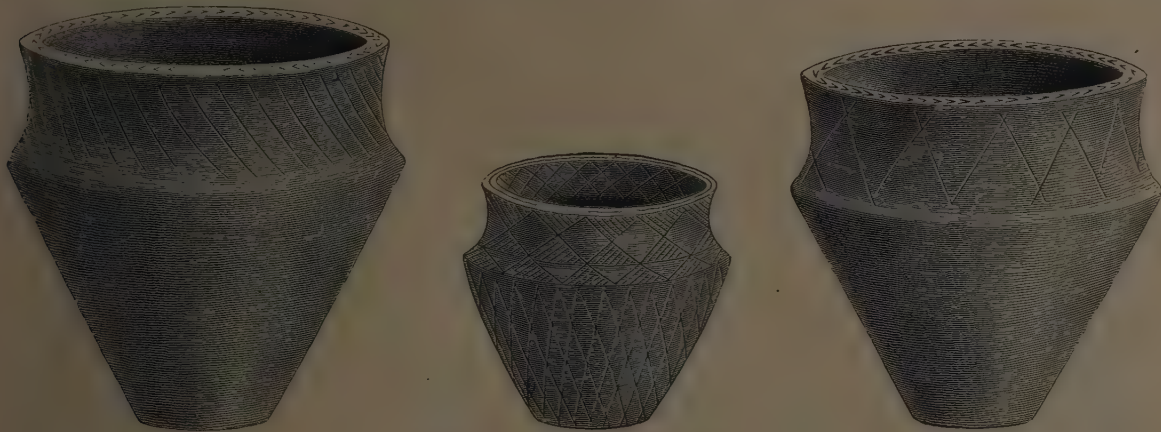
The next example (Fig. 45) is a totally distinct type, in point of ornamentation, from any of the others. It was eleven and a half inches in height and thirty-four inches in circumference. Its neck and lip, though exquisitely proportioned, are devoid of ornament, while the body of the vessel is encircled by a network pattern executed in bold relief. "The substance of this pattern," says Mr. Wakeman, "is different from, and finer in



Figs. 46 and 47.—From Drumnakilly.

quality than, that of which the rest of the urn was composed. It is evident upon even a slight examination that this raised ornament was added after the formation and fire-hardening of the vessel, from portions of which it is easily detached. A finishing touch in the process of the manufacture would seem to have been the washing over of the vase and attached ornament with a thin coating of ochreous matter, which, upon a recommitment of the vessel to the action of fire, came out a bright red colour." In it was found a smaller urn, and both, as usual,

contained calcined bones. A fragment of the rim of another urn, in like manner ornamented with raised zigzag pattern, is shown on Fig. 43. The next example (Fig. 41) is a fine large cinerary urn—the largest found at Drumnakilly; it measured no less than three feet nine inches in circumference round the neck, and was one foot four inches in height. Its outline, with the gracefully curved overlapping rim, is particularly elegant, but it is devoid of ornament. Far different in artistic treatment is the next example (Fig. 46), in which are three raised bands encircling the



Figs. 48 to 50.—From Drumnakilly.

neck, two being, as well as the inside of the mouth, elaborately covered with reticulated scoriations, and the third with lines of impressed triangles. Below this is the characteristic zigzag ornament, and around the angular edge is a line of triangular indentations. The lower part of the urn is covered with a rude reticulated pattern in incised lines. This urn, as other Irish examples have been, when discovered, was "inverted upon a squarish block of hard red sandstone, upon one face

of which two cup-shaped hollows were symmetrically cut," and a third, with some scoriations, on the other side.

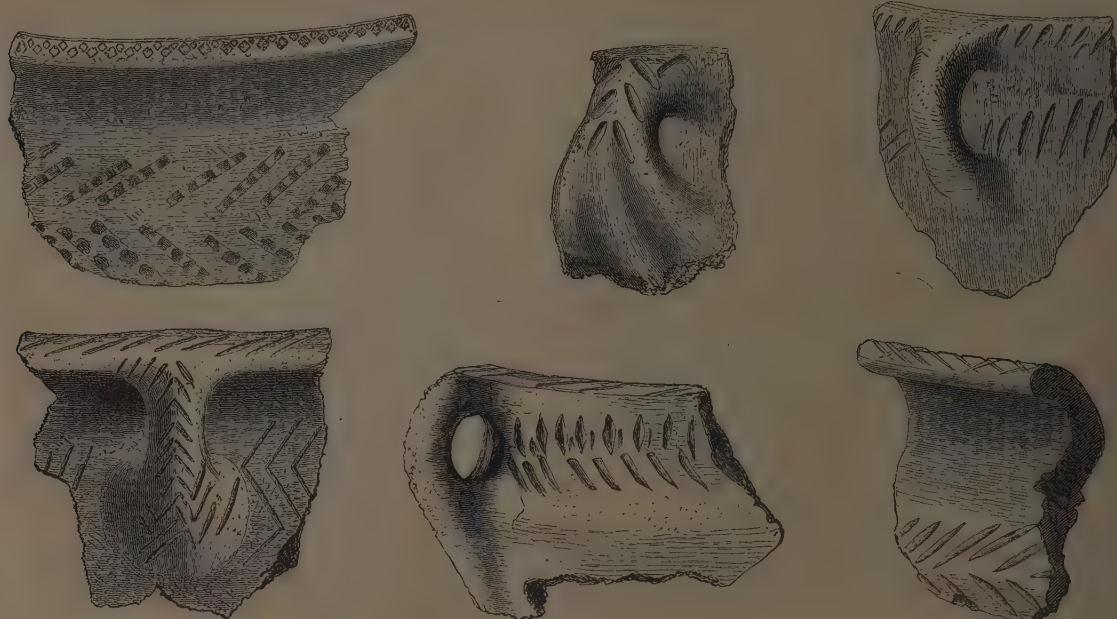
The next two examples which I am enabled to give (and for these as well as others I am indebted to the Royal Archaeological Association of Ireland, through my good friend, the Rev. J. Graves) have their lower portions somewhat elaborately reticulated, and their necks richly and characteristically ornamented. The larger one (Fig. 47) has a double encircling row

of triangular indentations; it is three feet two inches in circumference round the mouth, and stands fourteen inches in height. The smaller one (Fig 49) is seven and a half inches in height and twenty-two in circumference at the mouth; inside the mouth it is decorated with reticulated ornament. Figs. 47 and 49 bear a striking resemblance to each other in general outline; the neck of one is ornamented with diagonal incised lines, and of the other in a similar manner with zigzag pattern. The first measures a foot in height, and the second eleven inches.

In the Glanville Museum some highly characteristic examples of Irish fictilia of the earliest period are preserved. One of these, fifteen inches high, is covered over its entire surface with

zigzag and other ornament, the lower part bearing a series of rude lozenges. In the same collection are several other examples, including cinerary urns, food vessels, and immolation urns.

Of the same general character as the Altegarron urn (Fig. 9), some remarkably fine and extremely elaborate examples have been brought under my notice by Miss Stokes and Mr. Armistage. One of these, in the Museum of the Royal Irish Academy, has two raised encircling rims around its widest part; between these it is ornamented with a series of diagonal lines of impressed squares. Around the upper part is a line of curves or undulations between elaborate diagonal indented lines as before,



Figs. 51 to 56.—From Lough Eyes.

and the lower part has around its upper and lower edges a row of undulations, and around the centre an encircling border of rude lozenge-formed indentations. The whole of the rest of the surface is covered with vertical lines of square indentations, of the same character as those shown on Figs. 13, 50, &c. Another is peculiarly rich in herringbone pattern. Another, from county Derry, is of the same general form as Fig. 9, but much more elaborate than it in the way in which it is covered in every part with ornament. Around its widest part is a series of raised knobs. A small urn found with it is entirely covered with triangular indentations.

As further examples, for comparison, of Crannog fictilia, I give some fragments from Lough Eyes on Figs. 51 to 56. They show well the different characteristics of the impressed and incised patterns.

The examples of very early Irish ceramic art I have been enabled to give in these three chapters will, I trust, have been sufficient to call attention to that important branch of manufacture in the "sister isle" in pre-historic times, and to show what were the predominant characteristics of ornament both in the vessels for domestic and for sepulchral purposes in the earliest ages of the history of the sister isle.

“SALMACIS.”

OUR engraving of the pretty water-nymph 'Salmacis' is after a picture by the celebrated French artist Charles Landelle, which was one of the most admired works in the last Paris *Salon*. The engraving gives a very good idea of the rare beauty of the painting, but the artist in his idealisation has left the interpretation of the romantic story of Salmacis entirely to the imagination, and leads one to believe, were it not for the title, that his motive was the delineation of a pretty girl prepared for the bath, who has been startled by some sound among the rushes, and has clasped her drapery to her breast in alarm.

Salmacis, the water-nymph, according to Greek mythology, surprises the beautiful son of Hermes and Aphrodite sleeping be-

side the fountain over which she is the presiding genius; she sees and loves him. Presently, and this is the moment that the artist has accepted for his picture, he awakens; and, as she sees him plunging into the fountain, she gathers up her drapery in dismay. Her love, however, overcomes her fear; she rushes into the fountain, and, clinging to him, beseeches the gods that they may never be disjoined. Her prayer is heard, and the two become one. Daphné, we are told, became transformed into a laurel-tree, and in like manner the nymph Salmacis lost her identity in that of the son of Hermes and Aphrodite, who became double-sexed. From the period of that interesting event the mythical fountain of Salmacis, it is said, had the power of enervating those persons who bathed in it.



"SALMACIS."

From a Painting by CHARLES LANDELLE.

THE HOMES OF AMERICA.

MONTGOMERY PLACE.



UPON an elevation overlooking the Hudson from the East, and almost immediately opposite the Catskills, stands a large mansion, which has just reached its one hundredth birth-year. It is in point of romantic interest, historical associations, and charms of location, probably unsurpassed in this country. It was built by the wife of General Richard Montgomery, who fell in the unfortunate expedition against Quebec in December, 1775.

Mrs. Montgomery was the sister of Chancellor and of Edward Livingston. She had, prior to her husband's departure for Canada, purchased several hundred acres of land from an old Dutch farmer by the name of Benthuyssen, which had originally formed a part

of the Schuyler patent. It was a few miles to the south of the Livingston grant. The house was projected in the autumn of 1775, and completed in the spring of 1776, a few months after the death of General Montgomery. He never saw it; but in one of his last letters to his wife he remarked: "I long to see you in your new house, and wish you could get a stove fixed in the hall; they are the most comfortable things imaginable." Hon. William Jones, the nephew of Montgomery, superintended the erection of the building, giving as a plan that of his father's (Lord Ranelagh) house in Ireland.

The views from all sides of the mansion are beautiful. The river below is very wide, and so full of little islands that it reminds travellers of the English lakes. To the north a stretch of picturesque scenery for forty miles completes as fine a picture as the most exacting artist could desire. And yet, the home-landscape



Montgomery Place.

of rich woods and lawns, with the receding mountains beyond them, the half-hidden valleys threaded with dark, intricate, and mazy walks, the bold and noisy waterfalls dashing down romantic steepes, and a pretty lake gleaming from an avalanche of shadows, are so restful that you almost consign yourself to the five or more miles of private roads and rambles with their cosy nooks and rustic seats, without any care for the beautiful beyond.

The main part of the house is about sixty feet in length by fifty feet wide. The wings were added by Mrs. Edward Livingston. At a still later date, an elegant Corinthian portico was added by Mrs. Barton, the daughter of Edward Livingston. All the additions have been made with such singular taste that the harmony of the original structure is preserved intact. A broad verandah with an Italian balustrade extends around two-thirds of the house. The northern wing, or pavilion, is a delightful summer parlour, and constantly used as such; it is furnished with china, chairs, and vases, and marble table.

The entrance-hall is peculiar. It is a sort of ante-chamber. The frames of the doors are of the most unique description, with old-fashioned inverted columns, such as belong to the architecture of a previous century. The library is just as it was furnished by

Mrs. Montgomery one hundred years ago, in old Beauvais tapestry. The most prominent object of interest within this apartment is a bust of Edward Livingston, by Ball Hughes, a very remarkable work of American art. Numerous family portraits cover the walls.

The drawing-room is next to the library. The decorations were, by order of Mrs. Edward Livingston, in imitation of one of Mrs. Madison's rooms at the White House, which was greatly admired at that period. The only portrait in this apartment is that of Mrs. Edward Livingston herself. It represents her in the heyday of her youth and beauty, at the age of about seventeen. The dress is that of the Empire, and resembles the pictures of the court beauties at Versailles. The countenance is remarkable for the mind which shines through the perfect outline and symmetry of feature.

To those who are familiar with the principal events of Mrs. Livingston's life this portrait possesses a rare fascination, and seems pervaded with that magnetic influence which has rendered her personal beauty, extensive culture, and many gifts and graces, historical in the annals of the higher social life of America. She was born on the island of St. Domingo, in 1772. Her father, Jean Pierre Valentin Joseph d'Avezac de Castera, was a scion of the

French nobility, and one of the wealthiest and most important and influential men on the island. Louise (Mrs. Livingston) was precocious as a child, and educated with her brothers. She studied the classics both ancient and modern while a mere infant, as it were, and retained them in her memory through life. Her brother Auguste was near her own age and her student-companion. Louise was married at the age of thirteen to M. Moreau de Lasse, a French gentleman of fortune, who took her to reside in Jamaica. At eighteen she was a widow in the home of her parents. Then came the Revolution, with all its tragic scenes. Her father was killed; her mother, almost broken-hearted, resolved to remain and protect the plantation; and Louise, with a little sister six years old, an aged grandmother, and an aunt with two young lady daughters, attended by a few faithful slaves, crept through a dense forest in a circuitous way, concealed themselves a day and a night in the underbrush, and finally reached a boat which had been engaged to take them to an English frigate, that had agreed to furnish them the means of escape. The boat, with its precious freight, was but

a few rods from shore when it was detected by a band of negro desperadoes, who fired, killing instantly the aged grandmother and one of the slaves. The remainder of the party reached the frigate, and after a long and perilous voyage, and confusion and distress and the most thrilling incidents at sea, were finally landed in New Orleans. They were penniless, but sold their jewels, rented a small cottage, and took in sewing for a livelihood.

New Orleans at that period was a somewhat primitive town. It had, nevertheless, a cultivated social circle, meeting informally every week. The D'Avezac name was well known, and the young widow and her cousins were cordially received into the clique, and quickly became stars of the first magnitude. Madame Moreau was frank, easy, and winning, was fond of music, painting, and sculpture, and possessed a poetic fancy, which gave colouring to her thoughts and opinions. She was the recipient of homage from the most gifted and learned, and was admired and courted by all. It was here that she made the acquaintance of Edward Livingston. They were married on the 3rd of June, 1805. Their home in New



Bedford House, Residence of the Honourable John Jay.

Orleans was the central point of attraction for the learned and the gay, and the resort of every foreigner of distinction who visited this country. Their breakfast-table, spread upon the broad verandah, and shaded by orange and fig trees, was often enlivened by literary readings. Their domestic circle was a charming one, and none were admitted within its confines, and listened to the clear and silvery voice of its fair young mistress as she talked law and literature, but carried away memories destined to live forever. In course of years the wheel of destiny removed Mrs. Livingston to Washington. Her husband occupied a seat in the Senate of the United States for ten years, and was then appointed Secretary of State. During this latter period she assisted the ladies of President Jackson's family in presiding at the White House. She accompanied her husband to Paris when he went to fill his appointment as Minister to France. She was received in the most cordial and flattering manner by the royal family. The Queen and Madame Adelaide became excessively fond of her, and invited her often to visit them unceremoniously. She was esteemed the most gifted as well as beautiful woman at the French court. After the

return of Mr. and Mrs. Livingston to America, they took up their abode at Montgomery Place, which had descended to him from his sister, Mrs. Montgomery, where he died. Mrs. Livingston continued to reside at Montgomery Place to the end of her romantic life, more than a quarter of a century after her husband's death.

Up-stairs is the little law library from which Edward Livingston wrote the great penal code which rendered his name illustrious all over the civilised world. The desk of the great lawgiver is sacredly preserved, beside the books which bear the marks of use as well as antiquity. His fishing-rod and fishing-tackle hang in the very places where he last left them; and his hat rests upon its accustomed hook.

The drawing-room opens into the dining-room with old-fashioned *portes à deux battants*. In the dining-room you find a large collection of family portraits. Chief among them are those of Chancellor Livingston, Edward Livingston, and General Montgomery. The latter is the only original portrait of the hero of Quebec which we have in this country. It represents him when a young man

about twenty-five, a captain in the British army. The countenance is frank, gallant, and handsome, and indicates a generous and amiable temper.

After Mrs. Edward Livingston, Montgomery Place was owned and occupied by her daughter, Mrs. Barton. It is now in the possession of the collateral descendants of Mrs. Edward Livingston, Mr. Carlton Hunt and his sisters.

BEDFORD HOUSE—THE HOME OF THE HON. JOHN JAY.

ONE of the most interesting in its associations, commanding in situation, picturesque in surroundings, and unpretentious in its arrangements, of the "Homes of America," is "Bedford House," the seat of the Jays, in Westchester County, some forty-five miles north of the city of New York. It stands upon an eminence overlooking a wide extent of rolling country, about midway between the Hudson River and Long Island Sound. The prospect from the mansion embraces valleys of rare beauty stretching off in the distance, to where a circle of hills seems to girt the region—a landscape varied with sunny slopes, graceful undulations, and bits of river peeping through rich foliage, and dotted with farms and villages. The Hudson, fifteen miles away, is just hidden by the line of hills upon its eastern shore, conspicuous above which tower the Highlands opposite, with Dunderberg resting against the western sky. The whole scene is one great nest of cloud-shadows in the summer days. And nowhere are sunsets more gorgeous. Crimson blazes along the western hills, gradually changing into orange and purple, and finally merging into a deep glowing brown, while the heavens pale and darken, and the softness of shade creeps over all above and below.

The Jay property spreads over eight hundred acres, and, while railways have long since cut their capricious way through the country to the east and to the west of it, no car-whistle ever penetrates its rural quietude. The mansion is four miles from the station, and a half-mile or more from the main road; it is reached by a private avenue, which winds artistically up a smooth elevation, curving and bending about venerable oaks, maples, birches, and umbrella-elms, passing well-cultivated gardens, and finally cuts a circle in a wide velvet lawn, and terminates under the shadow of four superb lindens in front of the dwelling.

A hall sixteen feet wide extends through the entire building, the rear door opening upon a background of hill, crowned with oaks, chestnut-trees, and gigantic willows. The walls of the entrance-hall are hung with rare old paintings, among which are the portraits of De Witt Clinton, Thomas Jefferson, George Washington, John Adams, James Monroe, William Jay, the son of the Chief-Justice, and the present owner of the estate, Hon. John Jay. Here is, also, a remarkable unfinished painting, by Benjamin West, of the signing of the definitive treaty between this country and England, containing portraits of Chief-Justice Jay, Franklin, Adams, Laurens, and Temple Franklin. The artist was evidently obliged to pause in his work through inability to obtain the portrait of Hartley, the English commissioner.

Two large parlours at the left extend through the house, and are connected by old-time glass doors. There is a quiet elegance about the antique appointments, in keeping with the structure itself, which charms, while the variety bewilders. A broad divan, with heavy Oriental coverings and pillows, curious cabinets and tables, ancient mirrors, rare porcelain, exquisite vases, and fire-places, with the brass andirons and quaint bellows of eighty years ago, divide attention with masterpieces of Art upon the walls, and the faces of men who helped to fashion our national structure. The portrait of Chief-Justice Jay in his robes of office, by Stuart, is one of the best paintings ever executed by that artist. It represents Jay in the vigour of his manhood, about the time when he, through exceptional foresight, diplomatic ability, and firmness, obtained the three most important and valuable concessions ever gained by the United States from foreign countries: the navigation of the Mississippi, the participation in the British fisheries, and the trade with the West Indies. The portrait of the beautiful wife of the Chief-Justice, who was the daughter of Governor William Livingston, also graces this apartment, and is a gem in itself, independent of the historical interest which clusters about

one so distinguished as a leader in the social circles of the infant republic. Ancestral pictures hang upon every side. Governor William Livingston as a boy, in full-sleeved coat and elaborate costume of his time, with sword hanging by his side; the strong, expressive features, in wig setting, of Augustus Jay, grandfather of the Chief-Justice, who settled among us at the time the Huguenot movement sent so much of the best blood of France to our shores—a study, the brush of a master-hand having done justice to the refined and accomplished character of the man; and, in the back parlour, one of Huntington's finest productions, a life-size portrait of Mrs. John Jay, the present mistress of "Bedford House," are perhaps the three most notable in this gallery of treasures.

The dining-room, upon the right of the entrance-hall, some twenty feet square, is invested with the same air—antique and artistic. High, old-fashioned sideboards, elaborately carved, straight-backed chairs, tall silver candlesticks, quaint mirrors, and the rarest of ancient porcelain, are overlooked by the works of Trumbull and Stuart, and some of the old masters. Trumbull's 'Alexander Hamilton' is the best portrait in the room, and rarely any picture of the great financier reveals more distinctly the nature which inspired such warm attachments among his friends, and such bitter hatred among his foes. The 'Patron, Van Rensselaer,' and 'Judge Egbert Benson,' by Stuart, are choice mementos of a period which we never tire of reviewing. A bust of the Chief-Justice, finely cut, stands upon a marble pedestal in one corner; and a painting, which represents his wife in a picturesque hat, with two children by her side, hangs upon the opposite wall. Among the other portraits of interest are those of Peter Jay and his wife, Mary Van Cortlandt, the father and mother of the Chief-Justice; it was through this lady that the large landed estate in Bedford came into the Jay family, it being a part of what was formerly Cortlandt Manor.

The library occupies one of the wings of the mansion, which were added by the Chief-Justice when he retired from public life in 1801, having served his country faithfully in every department of legislative, diplomatic, and judicial trust, and been twice Governor of his own State. He resided here in the enjoyment of his family, his books, and his friends, for a full quarter of a century. It was then a two days' journey to the city, and a mail-coach visited the retreat not oftener than once a week. But the man who had conducted to a successful conclusion the definitive treaty of peace with England, and then virtually filled the office of prime-minister to a new nation, regulating the whole foreign correspondence of a government which was experimenting upon its first effort to stand alone—the proposal of plans and treaties, and instructions to ministers abroad—and afterwards worn the ermine of the chief judicial robe, was not likely to be forgotten by a grateful people. The walls of "Bedford House" echoed from time to time to the voices of his distinguished associates, and notable Europeans sought him, as a species of homage to public virtue. The library is some twenty-five feet square, with windows on three sides. One division contains the favourite authors of the Chief-Justice, weighty folios of Grotius, Puffendorf, Vattel, and other masters of the science of international law, standard theological and miscellaneous works, and the classic authors of antiquity. Some of the curious heirlooms in the way of furniture deserve mention, particularly four stiff antique chairs, which came from the old Federal Hall, in Wall Street, where Washington was inaugurated the first President of the United States. The floor is nearly covered with a superb India rug, with all its artistic irregularities; the same table is in use, by the present Mr. Jay, which his grandfather, whose name he bears so honourably, placed in this room; and over the mantel may be seen Huntington's famous 'Republican Court.'

Creeping over this side of the house is a wistaria-vine, filled with a profusion of blossoms, and honeysuckle climbers adorn the pillars of the wide verandah, while rose-bushes peep over the railing. Upon the wooded height in the rear is a pretty school or summer house of stone, which the Chief-Justice built for his children. The barns, carriage-houses, and the farm-house of the tenant who has supervision of the property, are off a little distance—beyond shrubbery, and a clump of locust-trees—to the northeast, upon the outskirts of a fine garden.

MARTHA J. LAMB.

THE ART OF DRESSING AND OF BEING DRESSED.*

BY PERCY FITZGERALD, M.A., F.S.A.

EVENING DRESS.



As we approach the department—to use the mercer's phrase—of a lady's evening dress, the prospect becomes more bewildering. Here the sumptuousness of the materials, the presence of light and glitter, flowers, jewellery, help to cover many æsthetic mistakes. But at the outset an application of the principles we have been studying will show that what is technically called "a low dress" is rather indefensible, and belongs to the toilette of barbarous countries. This refers, of course, to the "low dress" pure and simple, where it runs in a straight line across the chest and below the shoulders, the bust rising out of the dress as from an enclosing case or holder. This straight line is opposed to all the curves and sinuosities of the figure, and with the tightened waist cuts it into three portions.

The theory of "dressing" is found in the accepted fact that the figure, or trunk, is to be covered, and is to "carry a dress." A dress, or a cover, is a complete thing in itself; we cover a picture or a statue, and though it may be partly left open, and display portions of the object, it still can be called covered. But no woman could consider a picture covered which had its upper corners exposed. A lady's dress proper should at least include the shoulders. As it is, dressmakers are driven to the most awkwardly ingenious contrivances to make the dress "keep up," there being no ledges or corners to give support, the whole being made to rest on the waist.

Does then good taste require the abolition of the "low dress"? On the contrary, any one who wishes to display a beautiful neck can do so with infinitely more effect. The "cut-down" body, as we believe milliners call it, is an approach to the true system, as it displays the neck without dividing it by a line from the body. But there can be no doubt that the horizontal line, which indicates what is called a "low neck," as being at right angles with the line of the body, is opposed to harmony and grace. Of course it may be said that the aim is to display the neck as much as possible at a ball or evening party; but this can be done with far better effect, and with the due effect of full dress, by following the original principles of good sense. A diagram of the outline of the neck and "low dress" would take the shape of a sort of triangle, of which the edge of the dress forms the base, the outlines of the shoulders the sides, the chin being the apex. The true diagram should be that of a lozenge, the two lines ascending to the chin, and two others descending from the shoulders towards the waist. Even on the present system, how unpleasant to see the two corner knobs, or shoulders, protruding; and even their mechanical working is frustrated by the belt or strap which passes across them, and, as it were, fixes them to the body. It is obvious that where anything is working in a socket, as the arm is, it should be covered only so as to have free play. Such a diagram as we have described will be found to answer all the æsthetic ends which the present mode of displaying the neck attempts. What we mean is, that an equal amount of "neck superficies" might be exhibited without the shoulders being protruded. It is indeed the sumptuousness of the materials and decorations used that dazzles the æsthetic eye, and one is only conscious of a figure supporting somehow and anyhow a mass of colour, glistening silks or satins, laces, furbelows, jewels, and flowers; otherwise a ball dress, into which the form is laced tightly, to the straining of the seams and stitches and even the texture of the material, is really not like a "dress," but, as was before said, a sort of "case." It is habit that has how so associated the idea of

these extravagantly low necks with full dress; and we forget that our grandmamas used to attend balls and evening parties in enormously spreading hats, as a glance at a coloured "Fashions" of the "Belle Assemblée" will show. When we come to think of it, the arrangement of the bare arms and low dress, with a sort of little "basket" between, doing duty as "a body," seems a very mechanical and skimpy arrangement, and certainly has nothing graceful.

As we walk the streets, we note the numerous back views that are presented to us, the *contour* of which suggests one unvarying type, that of a lozenge set on a cone; indeed, the division of the upper and lower portions of the figure has been made so complete and thorough, that it suggests the fanciful idea of a wooden toy, where the body was *screwed* into the sugarloaf block below. This division, as was said before, is altogether arbitrary, for the figure from "top to toe" should be presented as one. Hence all those mechanical devices for female dress, clumsy and ever failing, the securing of the tightened edges with hooks and eyes strained to bursting, the creation of "a waist" by this precarious leverage, and the sham of the belt fixed on for ornament and not for use. Under the classical system, where the belt is used simply to confine the dress, it divides the figure no more than the bit of bass mat divides the stalks which it ties up to the supporting stick.

Those beautiful "taper waists," the ambition of every "fair one," and which they contrive to produce by that terrible engine, the stays, are more deserving of ridicule than the treatment of the feet by the Chinese ladies, who "lace" their feet instead of their waists; and of the two, the Chinese practice seems to be the least injurious. It is a strange ignorance which cannot see that this attempt at "figure" really destroys the figure, which, as we have seen, is a graceful sinuous column of unequal thickness, rather Doric in outline, surmounted by the head or capital. This column it is sought to make thin and slight in the middle, and thus produce that "egg-boiler" outline which is so longed for. Nothing is more beautifully balanced than the various parts of the figure, and this balance is utterly destroyed by the lacing. The head is poised on the slighter neck, and the chest and shoulders on the slight waist. The proportion is so nicely adjusted that any addition above, or thinning below, would destroy it. Of course where there is an abnormal expansion due to fat or other causes this contrivance has its use.

Having said thus much on the general treatment of the figure, we may now turn to the separate elements of dress, both for morning and evening. As may have been gathered from what has just been said, the system of having the various detached portions of dress "shaped" to the figure and limbs is abhorrent to all Art and grace. The mere sight of a "body," with its empty, meagre sleeves, its "gores" and innumerable patchings and seams, to get it into something like the human shape, is in itself something barbarous. So with that wonderfully made thing, a "skirt." It can be seen in a moment that these things are inartistic from the mere reminder of the fact that there is no Art in literal imitation, though the vulgar are apt to take pleasure in such mimicry. An exact cast of a beautifully shaped hand would have no value in an artistic sense, as such a cast would fail to catch the fleeting and momentary grace from the play of muscle and nerve which the artist seizes and reproduces. A photograph gives a "sun cast" of the face, and is popularly held to be the best of likenesses; but it only supplies the vacant stare of the moment—the features composed for the lens, not the careless, natural unstudied glances. Merely, therefore, to cover the figure and arms with a skin, say of silk, is like taking a cast. The paltry and laborious shifts and cuttings to compass this shape convey a certain meanness, and the act of

* Continued from page 380, volume for 1877.

"getting into" these garments requires stretchings of a gymnastic kind. Indication, not mimicry, is one of the secrets of Art. The great actor will indicate a reserve of passion, while the inferior one out-herods Herod in his blatant force, and yet is not effective. And thus the aim of clothing the figure should be, *not a figure cased in clothes, each portion being accurately fitted with a case of its own, from the neck to the feet, but a draped figure.* And it should be marked how the material is degraded by such treatment, as the "sleeves and body" of a silk dress are treated in a meagre fashion unworthy of the material, and are mere mechanical casings.

THE "BODY" AND SLEEVES.

It must not be thought that in these remarks there is the faintest design of turning back the female devotees from flinging themselves under the car of fashion, or indeed of attempting even a remonstrance. These are merely sound principles that we have been insisting on, and it is quite possible to adopt such principles, even under the inflexible rules of fashion that now obtain. For instance, to lay down that silk would be doubly effective when treated with a free flowing abundance, and not like papers pasted flat to the wall, does not entail the abolition of the dressmakers shaping and cutting; indeed, in some of its innumerable caprices, fashion has found its profit in occasionally adopting rational principles as a novelty, just as it has lately by formal edict abolished crinolines. It is quite possible to be in the fashion, and yet, like a judicious French prefect, who administers the law in a "mild" spirit, contrive to conciliate the caprices of the mode with good sense. This is the more easy, as it is a characteristic of the mad devotees of dress that they must be extravagant or nothing. The general principle, in short, might be this, that dress is to be ruled by the shawl and not by the glove principle—that the fitting of fabrics so as to follow the surface of the figure, is no more "dress," than the web attire of a gymnast is dress; this limitation being founded on the fact that the life and movement and grace of the figure are to be revealed. Nothing illustrates this principle better than a dress which is seen abroad, viz., that of the abbé, who walks in his gown, or *soutane*. It is almost perfect as a dress, fitting the upper part of the figure easily, confined with a broad sash at the waist, and thence descending in a full yet not inconvenient draping, that reveals the muscular limbs beneath, which are yet perfectly covered. The movement of the legs in walking is ungraceful, but the motion itself is not. The gown, therefore, worn by men owes its dignity to this circumstance, and it is to be remembered that the legs are almost as much revealed beneath the gown, though in a different way, as though they were incased in knee-breeches. This principle of the *soutane*, subject to regulation and modification, should be the basis of all graceful female dress.

In this view the cloak and shawl are certainly the most artistic form of dress. They answer the purpose of covering and keeping the figure warm, require no artificial training or shaping, and fall into graceful and meaning folds. The cloak or shawl, of course, offers but a limited range, as people cannot all (and always) go shawled or cloaked; but its perfect success shows where we are to look for the true principles of dress. It would be hard, however, to define modern dress logically, or describe it. What IS the dress? will be the question. Is it "skirt," "body and sleeves," or one of those innumerable tunics, "tabliers," "peplunes," or other fantastic novelties? It will be seen that the jacket, with its two *tubes* or sleeves attached, is an awkwardly contrived and too mechanical a device. If we look at the old dresses, even of those of so late a period as the first empire, we shall see that these tubes or sleeves were unknown. The body of the dress was, in theory, a small shawl, crossed over the chest in front, being joined with the back by an enlarged shoulder-strap with a kind of frill, out of which the arms emerged. Long gloves, that covered the whole arm, supplied warmth, while, for out of doors, a cape or shawl served the same end. The long glove had some meaning, but the present "tube" has none. Do we then reach the almost ridiculous conclusion that sleeves should be abolished on artistic grounds? By no means; but, if used, we

should apply the principle that we have already worked out in the case of the other limbs of the figure. We have seen that the lower half of the figure should not be transformed into a solid cone or sugar-loaf, but should present the notion of what is really the truth, limbs that support the trunk, and are in motion—limbs shaped, tapered, and combining strength with grace. Yet no one, from the "tubes" we have been speaking of that do duty as sleeves could conceive that there was within so elegant a thing as the human arm, thick where it joins the trunk, thinner at the elbow, swelling out below and tapering off to the wrist, where it grows close and knitted, so as to give support to the broader hand. Our sleeve, therefore, to exhibit these beauties, should certainly be covered with a loose and flowing material that will fall into draperies and reveal the shape and motion of what is within. It should be anything but the likeness of a bent bar, the strict parallelism of whose lines are opposed to all the curves of the figure. A sort of artistic *juste milieu* is reached in the brocaded dress of George the Third's day, when the arm had a sort of sleeve down to the elbow and then opened out with lace lappets, shell-like, and revealed about half the arm. An entire sleeve seems to overweight the arm, and make it too solid for the light and airy motions it encounters. This apparent solidity also destroys the proportion that should exist between the trunk and the arms, and shortens the height of the figure. For the open air the principle of shelter for the arms would be found in an uninterrupted covering for back and shoulders, or something founded on a cape, and beneath which the arms reveal themselves. The same principle is carried out in what used to be called *canazus*, or Berthes, that cross. To sum up, this is only applying the same principle adopted with regard to the lower limbs, and thus fitting the upper ones with a sort of skirt. The *shawl principle*, a covering that is supported on the projecting points of the figure, and allowed to fall free below, is certainly the true basis of all dress. This will be seen when we consider what the sharp hard outline, starting from the neck along the shoulders, and down the arm, becomes when cased in a modern dress. When the figure itself is exhibited, as in the instance of a gymnast, this outline almost disappears, as the muscles and bones cause different levels, and it seems a series of beautiful waving lines and surfaces. Above all, as we have seen, the shape of the arm itself, which starts slight, then grows out, then grows thin again, and is gently sinuous, lends a sense of airiness and proportion; but when the whole is *incased* in the ordinary sleeve, the material will not lend itself to any of such inequalities, and a sort of geometrical figure is the result. At the same time, as we have seen, its starting-place, where it is fitted into the hole cut in the "body," has a very awkward and mechanical air, the line of juncture seeming to show that both are separate, not as in the real arm, where the surface of the body is continued into the arm. As we have seen, the little cape, or the old-fashioned "pelerine," crossed in front, is always becoming, and for this reason: it carries out the unity of body and arms. A sort of epaulet, or tulip-shaped flap, covers the line of juncture, and continues the idea of the body. Such is the philosophy of this important article of the sleeve.

Again, as the tube material has to follow the bend of the arm, it must be cut into an absurd scimitar shape, and the dress-maker has to contrive seams and patchings "on the bias" and what not, all of which impoverishes the effect of the material. Sleeves, therefore, have no connection with the dress proper, which belongs to the figure alone. These coverings, if they are used, should be attached to another garment worn underneath: a truth that milliners have lately recognised in their effective costumes with coloured sleeves. It is, in reality, one garment, but the fiction is carried out of an under waistcoat, to which the sleeves are attached. In the old Books of Beauty are to be seen enormous diaphanous clouds of tulle as sleeves, inside of which the arm reposed. This "system" was in keeping with the style of the day—all gauze and lace—and the "virgin whiteness" of the novelists. Often in ball-dresses a broad fringe of lace edged the little short sleeves, so that the arm emerged, as it were, out of a flower. This was artistic enough; as the



SHAKSPEARE.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. Q. A. WARD

hard edge divided the arm across like a bar, the lace which, drooping down in points, took off this effect. Even here, however, is a fiction, such laces being sewn on to the dress just as ruffles were in court suits of the men; the meaning of such adornments in both cases being, that the lace was but the ornamented extremity of a linen garment beneath. But the whole of dress, with its furbelows and flounces, is based on such fictions.

The more we study female dress the more completely shall we see how every coherent principle is set aside. What is called "a costume" appears to consist of a number of coverings of different material, each laid over the other; yet the whole is considered the "dress proper," or outside covering. There is a jacket and a waistcoat, a petticoat with the proper bundle behind, and the *tablier*, or apron, in front; yet these elements are all jointed and pieced together in the most mechanical and "make-believe" way. The "body" is fitted on separately, the *tablier idem*, the petticoat the same. Any one, too, of artistic mind must be revolted by that strange article seen hanging at a draper's door, the PETTICOAT, and with which the figure is invested in some awkward manner known only to the tiring women. So one might get into a box or a bag with both its ends open.

A favourite dress for comforting purposes is the "jacket," multimorph and multi-material, and certainly one of the most strangely grotesque garments in existence. Owing to the odd *penchant* for planting the waist in the centre of a sort of mound, this useful covering is forced to take the corresponding shape. The eye has grown so accustomed to these vagaries that it has ceased to notice the absurdity; but it is when we see a silk jacket "trimmed," as it is called, where the surface of the trimming almost equals that of the material trimmed, with a heavy fur, that the ludicrousness is effectively revealed. The article is usually scooped out at the back under the shoulders, brought down into "a neat waist," from which it starts again with a sort of heavy "flap," running round. It is here that the so-called fur trimming is exhibited with effect, being supported on the favourite "hump," or "panier." Nothing more unsymmetrical or ungraceful can be conceived. As the band of fur crosses the back at a right angle to the figure, and is thus accentuated, as it were, it shortens the height and gives an air of Dutch squatness. This bordering is carried round to the front, where it suddenly changes its course and goes upwards, to be united by a hook and eye at the neck. It will be noted, too, that here the edges of the garment are made to meet, but do not overlap, so that warmth is not secured and the air enters. In short, the "lines" of this garment have neither beauty nor grace, nor shape nor comfort. The jacket itself becomes obscured by the obtrusive mass of fur, while the latter, though thus favoured, is not in a sufficiently important place to lead. It is the old story, in short, of the plate with the landscape

painted on it, which, instead of a plate ornamented, becomes a landscape set off by a plate. Here the fur answers to the landscape. The trimming should merely edge the velvet, which should assist it, the object being to set off the velvet. Fur being a rather coarse and striking material, a slight edging should be sufficient. And it may be added, that these broad bands of sealskin which we see on ladies' jackets have no pretension to supplying warmth, for they are disposed in the wrong place, all the edges of the cloak being already amply protected. Few think that the *raison d'être* of a fur bordering is really only the turning over of the inside fur lining of the jacket; it has therefore there a certain meaning. But our dames, true to their principles, set meaning aside, and look merely to show, whether it be irrational or not.

Sealskin is a bold, rich, though coarse material, and, like all such, should be treated in large style and large surfaces. Thus in architecture, the rough granite is used for the walls and broad surfaces, while the "dressings" and edgings are formed of Portland and other more delicate stones. Cutting up granite therefore in strips and borders suggests the idea of waste and of something spoiled—the result where a *large* material is put to petty uses. On the other hand, a small material only fit for decoration, on being forced into large treatment, produces the feeling of meanness and shabbiness. Sealskin should be dealt with in bold masses, not cut up or shaped into tubular sleeves, and should fall into drapery. A cape with a small collar would be something after the true principle. If, however, it must take the shape of the jacket, it should do so subject to the rules of rational dressing before laid down. It need not be forced out from the figure, sack-shape, in the sort of bee-hive that swells below the waist. As the material will not lend itself to tightened sleeves, the fur fraying and creasing, while a broad one admits the air up these stiff funnels, we must do without them.

It is impossible to discover any rational explanation for the various caprices and fancies which the milliner-mind each year devises for what it deems the adornment of the female figure. What, for instance, signifies the enormous bundle which it used to be fashionable to carry on the back, and which is styled a *panier*? That part of the figure was surely already sufficiently ample. It might indeed be suggested that here was conveyed the fiction of a long train that would sweep the ground, and now for convenience' sake gathered up into a bundle or knapsack. There may be something in this idea, as it usually combines with a sort of apron in front, drawn back as tightly as possible, so as to make walking difficult; but a train of this kind would, if gathered up, never fall into such a shape. The chief bulk would be low, near the ground, and the line of folds would run from the waist in front and slope downwards. This can be seen in a lady's court dress, or in the train of a foreign ecclesiastical dignitary.

(To be continued.)


OUR STEEL ENGRAVINGS.

THE JUDGMENT OF WOUTER VAN TWILLER.

(Frontispiece.)

GEORGE H. BOUGHTON, Painter.

W. GREATBACH, Engraver.

 R. BOUGHTON has in this picture selected a well-known incident in Washington Irving's "History of New York." The story, it will be remembered, goes that one of the early settlers in New Amsterdam, Wandle Schoohoven, complained to Wouter Van Twiller (an ancient burghmaster of Rotterdam, who had been appointed, in 1629, by the Netherlands governor of the province of New Netherlands) of one Barent Bleecker for refusing to come to a settlement of accounts. "The two parties," says Irving, "being

confronted before him, each produced a book of accounts, written in a language and character that would have puzzled any but a High Dutch commentator or a learned decipherer of Egyptian obelisks. The sage Wouter took them one after another, and having poised them in his hands, and attentively counted the number of leaves, fell straightway into a very great doubt, and smoked for half an hour without saying a word; at length, laying his finger upon his nose and shutting his eyes for a moment, with the air of a man who has just caught a subtle idea by the tail, he slowly took the pipe from his mouth, puffed forth a column of tobacco-smoke, and with marvellous gravity and solemnity pronounced that, having carefully counted over the leaves and weighed the books, it was found that one was just as thick and as heavy as the other; therefore, it was the final opinion of the court that the accounts were equally balanced; therefore, that Wandle should give Barent a

receipt, and Barent should give Wandle a receipt—and the constable" (whose duty was to serve the summonses upon the two litigants) "should pay the costs." The result, so far as concerned the New Amsterdam community, was that people, seeing a second Daniel had come to judgment, refrained from entering upon any lawsuit during Van Twiller's rule, while the office of constable fell into such ill-repute that "not one was known in the province for many years."

This very humorous incident Mr. Boughton has represented in a manner quite worthy of it. On the right is the plaintiff, stating his case with becoming deference to the court, the governor and his secretary; seated meekly on a stool, his plumed hat filled with papers by his side, is the defendant, quietly stroking his chin while listening to the charge against him; and between them is the burly governor, weighing the merits of the case as he puffs the smoke from his well-filled pipe with all the indifference and stolidity appertaining to his Dutch nationality and the important position he fills.

The picture has never been exhibited: it was painted expressly for engraving in this Journal.

ALSACE.

HENRIETTE BROWNE, Painter.

F. HOLL, Engraver.

ABOUT five years ago there appeared in the *Art Journal* (old series) an engraving from a picture by this popular French painter, the subject of which differs very essentially from that here presented: it was called 'The Critics,' and it showed some children examining with curious intent a quantity of dead game hung on the wall of a kind of larder. Yet it is not by compositions of such a description that one can rightly estimate the genius and the mind of this accomplished lady, but rather in works like her 'During the War,' exhibited at the London Royal Academy in 1871, her 'Sisters of Charity,' in the English International Exhibition of 1862, and in the 'Alsace,' which, like the last-mentioned, has reference to the grievous war between France and Germany. In the 'Sisters of Charity,' we have some of these self-sacrificing women engaged in their work of mercy among the wounded in the war; and here is a sister of the Red Cross Society standing at the entrance of a church, collecting alms for the benefit of the bereaved widows and orphans of the French soldiers killed in the deadly struggle. The expression of the sister's face is quite in harmony with her mission; it is eloquent by its sadness; so much so as to

favour the idea that she herself was mourning over the loss of some dear one: and indeed there were few families, especially in Alsace, who had not to lament the death of some relative or friend. The figure is very strikingly set forth, with much picturesqueness in the arrangement of costume and accessories, and with considerable eloquence: the work—which was painted the year after the termination of the war—is unquestionably a fine and valuable example of Mademoiselle Henriette Browne's portrait-painting, real or ideal, as the case may be.

SHAKESPEARE.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. Q. A. WARD, N.A.

OUR engraving of 'Shakespeare' is after a statue, executed by John Quincy Adams Ward, N.A., which occupies a site near the head of the Mall, in Central Park, New York. The statue was the gift from an association of gentlemen, of which Mr. William Cullen Bryant was one of the members, to the Park Commissioners. The project of erecting a statue of Shakespeare was started in 1866, and models in competition were solicited from all of the principal American sculptors. The models were submitted to the Association in 1867, and Mr. Ward was awarded the commission in the following year. The work was not finished until 1872, when it was unveiled with suitable ceremonies. The presentation address was made by Mr. Bryant, and the statue was received by Colonel Henry G. Stebbins, President of the Park Commission. Mr. Ward's 'Shakespeare' is one of the finest bronze sculptures in the Central Park. The position is dignified, and conveys the idea that Shakespeare was a man of thoughtful mind. The portrait was drawn from the most authentic sources, with, perhaps, enough of the ideal in its expression to raise it above the conventional portraits of the present day. The pedestal, which is not given in our engraving, is of coloured granite. Mr. Ward's famous statue of 'The Indian Hunter' is also in the Central Park. His 'Freedman' is on the steps of the Capitol at Washington; and his statue of Commodore M. C. Perry, U.S.N., was erected in Newport, Rhode Island, through the munificence of Mr. August Belmont, a few years ago. A colossal group of 'The Good Samaritan,' and four *relievs* illustrative of the idea, executed in commemoration of the discovery of sulphuric ether as an anæsthetic, was erected in Boston. Mr. Ward is a native of Urbana, Ohio, and about forty-five years old.

FRENCH BRIC-À-BRAC.



WE are apt to give the French credit for a more real depth of artistic perception than they actually possess. The nation at large may be, and has been, swayed to singular manifestations of false taste by the mere caprices of fashion. Witness the passion for the imitation-classic that raged so wildly, in all classes of society, during the first Empire. It came hard upon the splendours bequeathed to France by the magnificent reigns of Louis XIV. and XV. The furniture executed by Boule, the bronzes of Gouthières, the secretaries and harpsichords, adorned with paintings by Watteau and by Boucher, were still in existence. The suppression of the royal residences of France had thrown upon the market a vast quantity of artistic riches in these lines. Only the tapestries, the pictures, and the statues, were retained by the state. All the furniture of the Tuileries, of the Trianon, of Versailles, of Luciennes, etc., was sold at public auction. These sales lasted for over a year, though, to expedite matters, whole sets were put up at once. The prices brought by these superb relics of royalty were comparatively trifling. The Parisians could endure nothing save scanty curtains, with Ionic borders; rich, low couches, with swan or serpent necks curving at the ends, and backless chairs shaped like the letter X. The costume of the day exacted such a style of furnishing, and, so blinded were they by the dictates of fashion, that they suffered foreigners to bear away in triumph such treasures of

artistic furniture as are now coveted for galleries or for museums. The English and the Russians became the chief possessors of these morsels. Many of the minor articles fell into the hands of second-hand dealers who ruthlessly destroyed them, melting down the bronzes and burning up the richly-gilt carvings for the sake of the particles of gold to be extracted from the ashes. Some idea of the value and exquisite workmanship of this despised furniture may be gained from the fact that a single table, with mouldings by Gouthières, was recently sold in London for £2,000.

It was in those days that the lover of antiquities found in Paris, and in the provinces as well, a rich mine of curiosities and Art-treasures which were to be purchased at trifling prices. In dusty shops, or in the back rooms of old farmhouses, mouldered costly fragments of carving, rich tapestries, old pictures, rare books, splendid pieces of richly-wrought furniture, the spoils in many instances of the *château* of the lord of the manor, after its sacking during the great Revolution. In the shops of the provincial dealers in second-hand furniture were to be found wonderful prizes in the shape of Sèvres china, panels painted by Watteau, and clocks and coffer of genuine Boule. Those days are unfortunately past, though sometimes the unwary amateur occasionally chances upon a marvel. Thus a gentleman, well versed in ceramics, stopped a few years ago at a French farmhouse one sultry day, and begged for a draught of milk. The good woman of the house, anxious to do honour to her guest, brought out her best china bowl to hold

the milk. The amazement of the amateur may be imagined when he recognised in the proffered cup a specimen of the rare and well-nigh priceless Henri-Deux ware. He purchased the bowl for a handful of louis, the woman being reluctant to part with it as it was an heirloom, and it now ornaments one of the most extensive of the amateur collections of Paris.

On another occasion a gentleman who was out shooting, being surprised by a shower of rain, took refuge in a farmhouse. While drying his clothes beside the fire, he overheard a conversation between the farmer and one of his sons. The latter reported the breaking of a lock on one of the gates. "Go you to the garret," quoth the farmer, "and you will find an old lock in one corner; it will do to hold the gate with till we can get another." The lock was brought, a rusty, ancient-looking affair enough, but something in its outlines attracted the attention of the sportsman, who, though no collector, had a cultivated eye and quick appreciation. He offered twenty francs for the lock, which sum was eagerly accepted, as that would more than cover the price of a new one. He put his prize in his game-bag, took it to Paris, and showed it to a celebrated expert in such matters. He offered him at once 2,000 francs for his treasure, pronouncing it to be a genuine specimen of the best workmanship in that line of the epoch of the Renaissance. It was subsequently sold for 5,000 francs by its finder, and finally passed into the possession of one of the Rothschild family, who paid for it some 15,000 francs.

It is but a year or two since an American artist picked up at the shop of a village dealer an old trophy of imitation arms in plaster and pewter, paying 50 francs for the whole. There were some genuine weapons among the lot, whose aspect had tempted the young painter's eye. A careful cleansing, and a thorough examination by an expert, revealed the fact that among the rubbish were a pair of Louis XIII. pistols, mounted in silver, and a battered sword, bearing on its scabbard an inscription constating its presentation to its original owner, the Count de X—, by Henry IV.

Such discoveries are, however, becoming extremely rare. The dealers of Paris ransack the provinces in every direction, leaving no hole or corner unvisited. The loan exhibitions also, which have been so popular of late years, have done much to open the eyes of the provincial possessors of artistic treasures to their true value. As it is now no longer possible to pick up a rare book for a few sous on the Parisian quays, so have the palmy days of the *bric-à-brac* seeker in provincial towns departed. There is no use now in turning over the piles of old iron in the dingy shops on the quays, in the hope of repeating that wonderful discovery of the collector Sauvageot, who found amid such a heap of rubbish the mounting of that marvellous *escarcelle* of the sixteenth century which formed one of the gems of his collection now at the Louvre.

The tables have literally been turned on the Parisian collector of provincial curiosities. After parting with priceless rarities for a mere trifle, the French peasant now prides himself on selling imitation antiquities for sums far beyond their value. A regular trade in sham antiques has been established between Paris and the provinces. Sideboards, clocks, presses, etc., to which a long sojourn in a damp cellar has given an appearance of age, are regularly forwarded every spring to the farms and villages lying near the well-frequented points of summer resort. These are eagerly purchased by Parisian collectors, blinded by their eagerness to obtain valuable articles at a low price. They could buy better things, and to greater advantage, at the auction-sales of the Hôtel Drouot, or in the shops on the Rue de Provence.

The provincial *bric-à-brac* dealer is a curiosity in his way. There is scarce a village now in France that does not possess at least one shop for the sale of curiosities, antique furniture, and old porcelain. Many of these are kept by men profoundly ignorant of the nature of the business in which they are engaged—peasants who have sold, perhaps, a cracked dish or an old clothes-press to some passer-by, and who then discovered that the article so lightly parted with was worth some ten times what had been paid for it. From that day the vocation of the seller is decided. He sets out to seek for curiosities in every farmhouse and village in the neighbourhood, without having the least idea as to what kind of articles are valuable, or what are mere rubbish. He crowds all his findings into some narrow shop, and awaits a customer. His stock presents a curious medley of old pottery, bits of carved wood, empty medicine-bottles and pomatum-pots, old prints, chromo-

lithographs, rare china, and empty match-boxes. If a purchaser presents himself, the dealer is miserable. Remembering how he once parted with a valuable possession for a small price, he is rent with conflicting desires. He longs to sell, in the hope of getting largely paid for trash; he fears to do so lest he be again over-reached. If he lets his customer go, he regrets it; if he sells anything, he regrets it still. Sometimes the provincial *bric-à-brac* dealer takes seriously to his work; he buys books, frequents the museums of the neighbouring cities, and qualifies himself for his trade. More often, recognising the superior skill and science of the Parisian dealer, he affiliates himself to one of these, and, renouncing all operations on his own account, he plays the part of truffle-dog to his more experienced associates, hunting out the antiquities whose purchase depends upon the decision of the latter.

The loan exhibitions, which were so extensively organised a few years ago for the benefit of the Alsace-Lorraine colony in Algiers, had the effect of driving the provincial owners of *bric-à-brac* well-nigh crazy. The numerous discoveries that were made in that line, and the high prices offered by Parisian and English collectors, aroused a perfect fever of excitement among the fortunate holders of such treasures. Many a person who had long owned an ugly dish or a worm-eaten piece of furniture found out suddenly that he was the possessor of treasures of untold value. At Nancy the nuns of the Hospital of St.-Charles had in their convent a set of vases in antique *faïence*, the gift of King Stanislas, of Poland, and used to hold the ointments that they concocted for the sick. After the Loan Exhibition the two largest were sold for \$1,000 apiece, while a dealer paid \$200 each for the two hundred small vases, and a wealthy collector carried off the set of large ones at a cost of 100,000 francs (\$20,000). Sixty thousand dollars was offered for an illuminated manuscript belonging to the cathedral of that city. No wonder that every owner of an old prayer-book or an ancient pomatum-pot thought himself on the high-road to incalculable riches. Sometimes the ignorance of such possessors led to really comical results. One day a peasant, in a *bric-à-brac* shop at Nancy, examining an antique brass dish, remarked that he had a small one at home something like that. The dealer pricked up his ears. "Would the man sell it?" "Well, yes—at a good price—but it had been in the house for a long time." "What was it like?" "It was round, and there was a figure on it—a figure of a woman blowing a trumpet—and then writing around the edge, but the peasant could not read, and so what the writing was about he could not tell." "A religious subject with a legend, evidently," thought the dealer. Forth he started with his conductor, and after a long tramp over ploughed fields and through miry ways, he arrived at the abode of the owner of this treasure. The brass dish, with its figure and its legend, was produced, and proved to be one of those plates which French insurance companies affix to the outside wall of an insured building, the female figure representing Fame, and the encircling letters being the name of the company aforesaid!

There exist in Paris regular manufactories of sham antiquities and curiosities of all kinds. Your Parisian dealer excels, too, in the art of picking a genuine article to pieces, and of making two or three out of the fragments. Take, for instance, a Louis XV. bureau, with heavy gilt bronze handles and mouldings. The bronze decorations are removed, and imitation ones substituted, the genuineness of the dark, worm-eaten woodwork being relied upon to carry off the sham antiquity of the brasses. These latter are then subjected to a process by which the rich gilding is washed off. Cheaply regilt, they are then applied to a modern bureau of the same style as the original. The dealer has thus been enabled to make up two bureaus for sale out of his single one, to say nothing of the particles of gold extracted from the acids wherewith the mouldings had been treated. This latter process is a very common one among the *bric-à-brac* dealers of Paris. The gilt bronze clocks of the period of the first Empire always bring a good price on account of the richness of the gilding, which is removed, and cheaply renewed before the article is offered for sale. Modern mirrors are put into antique frames, and modern frames are manufactured to suit old mirrors. The shop of the Parisian *bric-à-brac* dealer is crowded with shams, and cunning is he who can detect the difference between the real article and the imitation. Yet the things are tempting, beautiful, and picturesque, and an expert buyer may often meet there with real treasures.

LUCY H. HOOPER.

DECORATIVE ART LOAN EXHIBITION.



ENTERING the halls of the Academy of Design, to look at this meritorious display of *bric-à-brac* mediæval furniture, armour, tapestries, embroideries, laces, fans, carvings, draperies, gems, bronzes, china, pottery, and all articles of *vertu*, one cannot but whisper to himself: "What a respectable thing is Art; how it refines wealth, and lights up poverty; what an education it is, what a solace against all the evils of life!" and the next thing which one whispers is this: "How full is New York of beautiful and rare things; what taste, what knowledge, and what liberality; how thoroughly well it reveals the enlightenment of a great commercial city, that it can and will despoil its walls of paintings, its cabinets of gems, its boudoirs of fans and laces, and its plate-trunk of the garnered wealth of generations, for the benefit of the many!"

Such has now been done generously; and, to begin with what first meets the eye, we must refer to the beautiful tapestry sent by Mr. Belmont, which hangs at the top of the stairs. It is, however, impossible to make a continuous study of this historic art from the specimens herein exhibited, for they are hung all over the building, are not arranged as to races, time, country, or value; therefore present a somewhat incoherent record of that art which dates back to prehistoric ages, whose birthplace was India, whose mid-career was poetised in Greece, and whose maturity is everywhere.

However, through the liberality and munificence of Mr. Barlow, Mr. Belmont, Mr. Prime, Mr. Tiffany, Mr. Colman, and many others, we have a large display of tapestry of all the ages, characteristic and varied. As specimens of the wide gulfs of time, space, and country crossed, we may mention a few notable examples: (122) 'A Japanese Poet;' (116) 'Draperies, with Egyptian Motive;' (93) 'Ancient Persian Curtain;' (684) 'Gobelin Tapestry from Beauvais—subject, Arts and Sciences;' and (690) 'Rich Antique Embroidery in White Satin.'

These are but "gilded threads on Time's embroidered page" compared with what we do not mention.

The collection of jewellery and *bric-à-brac* is especially valuable and learned. A gorgeous Egyptian necklace of scarabei and gold, handsome enough for Cleopatra, is loaned by J. Pierpont Morgan (3). An Indian enamel bracelet from Delhi, lent by Mrs. Eldredge, is beyond all praise. Old Norwegian necklace and pendant; Danish gold bracelet from ancient models; old Norwegian cross—reliquary; Bohemian works of the sixteenth century, are all curious and rare; Italian cameos in gold and enamel, lent by Mrs. D'Orémieux and Mrs. Tuckerman, are so typical of the French Renaissance as to recall Madame Récamier. Old Dutch silver *châtelaines*; old silver Pilgrim bottle, lent by Mrs. Governor Dix; chain worn by the peasant-women of Lombardy; German necklace from Nuremberg, are all delightfully quaint and interesting, as are a thousand such specimens. Certain very valuable *intaglios*, mounted by Tiffany, and loaned by Mrs. Barlow, are among the most valuable and beautiful of the necklace and brooch ornaments. A French cross of the seventeenth century (63), lent by Mrs. Hunt, is exquisite. A necklace and ear-rings, chrysolite and silver, lent by Mr. Barclay, are curious, almost unique. A Danish wedding-clasp; Tuscan peasant ear-rings; Bavarian peasant ear-rings; Creole ear-rings from Martinique; French cross and ear-rings from Calvados; gold pendant set by Collingwood, of London; necklace by Froment Meurice, of Paris; and last, not least, looking well, with all this noble competition, our own Tiffany's work in gold, silver, and precious stones, greets the passing visitor.

The inestimable value and beauty of *bric-à-brac* come in under the form of old watches, bravely. One watch and *châtelaine* formerly belonging to Madame de Montespan, now in Mr. Barlow's collection, is an admirable specimen. Another, a watch by Breguet, sent by Mrs. Hunt; snuff-box of gold and miello; (896) watch one hundred and fifty years old, from Genoa; Mrs. Aspinwall, a watch two hundred years old, before minute-hand, chain, or hair-spring, was introduced, are among the many things.

Of old miniatures there are choice specimens. The most valu-

able, perhaps, is that of Mr. Gibbes, by Malbone, soft and dreamy and full of expression, as are all the works of that great genius; it is a gem beyond price. An original portrait of Napoleon I., by David, sent by Mrs. Cameron, is immensely valuable. One of Philip of Spain, taken during his lifetime, by Rubens or a pupil, and owned by Mr. J. W. Paige, of Boston, is extraordinary, and very beautiful. It is impossible to more than hint at the great richness, merit, and value, of this department.

In fans, the exhibition is very full; (805) a Chinese fan, loaned by Miss Heywood, is the most valuable and curious in the collection. It is difficult to approach the merit of this superb thing; so of (839) a gold and enamel Chinese fan. Mrs. Belmont sends some twenty or thirty superb, curious, and rare fans, some painted by Vernis-Martin. There is one contributed by Mrs. Hammond, very beautiful, formerly in the collection of the Duchess of Parma. Mrs. Astor, Mrs. Jay, Mrs. Hunt, Mrs. Barlow, and Mrs. Lewis Livingston, send many valuable and beautiful specimens, painted by Watteau and Boucher, and their followers. It is curious to observe that in the reign of Marie Antoinette the sticks of the fans became straight and uncarved. Why this caprice of plainness in a gay age?

In laces the exhibition is very rich, and they are well arranged. The student of lace should observe well the following elegant, rare, and costly specimens: (52) collar made for Marie Antoinette, and presented by the city of Venice; (600) the splendid collection of Mrs. Belmont; then Mrs. Astor's case (537), point de Venise; rose point (1660-1700) very beautiful; point d'Argentan (1620); three pieces Malines, Louis XV.; (546) Italian point, silk, from the Duchess of Parma; old Italian lace (549), Mrs. Mahlon Sands; and a case sent by Mrs. Lucius Tuckerman (553), full of good specimens; (557) old Mechlin chalice veil; (558) Italian lace, with arms of the Doria family.

The splendid collection of Mr. J. W. Paige, of Boston, is a liberal education in itself; and the rich and varied collection of Mrs. John E. Zimmerman demands mention, especially (602) a Bertha of Flanders lace; Geneva point, between two hundred and three hundred years old; (613) Florence of point d'Espagne, belonging to Mrs. Hamilton Fish, very elegant; (616) coverlet in Venetian point, bearing on it the arms of Venice, belonging to Mrs. Rutherford Stuyvesant; (620) insertion point de Venise, Mrs. John Jay; (619) altar-cloth, Mrs. J. T. Johnston; (646) guipure de Malines, Mrs. R. W. Cameron; barbe of old Mechlin (642), Mrs. R. M. Hunt.

In old silver, the cases are extremely rich. Mr. George L. Schuyler sends the most historically interesting piece, in a wine-cooler, presented by Queen Anne to his ancestor Colonel Peter Schuyler, who in 1710 took over some Indian chiefs to England. The incident is mentioned in the *Spectator*. This old piece was pronounced at the Paris Exposition the finest specimen of Queen Anne silver. Mr. Schuyler also sends some very valuable old Dutch silver (1649); (332) a Mayence 'loving-cup,' F. Bronson; very fine silver salver, Renaissance, Venetian, Rev. Morgan Dix; (299) loving-cup, old English, rare and handsome, J. Pierpont Morgan; (351) Gya Lotah, very curious, Mrs. Eldredge; (352) silver tankard, old Amsterdam, Egerton L. Winthrop; (353) fowl pattern claret-jug, Cashmere, Mrs. Eldredge: this is beautiful, artistic, curious, and valuable.

Of course, the china, *cloisonné*, delft, Satsuma, faience, in fact all the ceramic art, is well represented.

The great treasures of this part of the collection are from the collection of Mrs. N. P. Hosack, who sends (271) two Sèvres vases belonging to Louis XVI., painted to commemorate the birth of the Dauphin; the artist Prévost.

These illustrious vases floated through the distinguished hands of Gouverneur Morris into this family, and are priceless; they are very beautiful. Mrs. Hosack also sends the best piece of Capo di Monte probably in the world—'The Triumph of Ceres' (1014), a large piece in bold relief, also two spirited *biscuit* figures, also brought over by Gouverneur Morris, which are admirable. Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan (a most generous contributor) sends a splendid

pair of Italian majolica vases (1040, 1041). There is an (1060) ivory chair, six hundred years old, belonging formerly to the kings of Delhi. The back-legs are formed of elephants' tusks; this wonderful and unique chair comes from Mrs. Eldridge.

(975) An old ivory tankard, Mrs. J. T. Johnston, is very curious. We must now become simply wanderers amid what is choice and rare.

(970) Silver-gilt punch-bowl and stand in the time of Cromwell, Mrs. J. T. Johnston.

Then follows 991. Twelve specimens of ancient pottery of Peru, *prehistoric*, showing no trace of the potter's wheel (W. W. Evans), come in good time, as Longfellow has just sung so sweetly the "Song of the Potter's Wheel."

(476) A Spanish-Moresco cabinet, inlaid tortoise-shell and mother-of-pearl, is very choice; while a reliquary (481), containing five carvings in ivory, is lent by Mr. J. T. Johnston. This is one of the most beautiful things possible. (480) is a majolica *jardinière*, with syrens for handles; medallion containing head of Doge; Medici arms inside—sixteenth century. This is contributed by Dr. Hammond.

Of pictures there is a roomful, but, except to say that many of them are very fine, some of which are not now exhibited for the first time publicly, we will not pause to comment upon them.

The embroidery is replete and rare: Old Albanian antique handkerchief from Cyprus (perhaps that one which Othello gave to Desdemona); Japanese embroidery, with the crest of the daimios; Persian embroidery, 'The Tree of Life'; a *rebozo*, worn by Mexican women, two hundred years old; a fine linen scarf, embroidered with silk and gold from Cyprus; dress embroidered in manila, sent by Mrs. John Hoey; cushion-covers in gold and silver thread, Turkish; a set of chair-covers, sent from England one hundred years ago, and even then considered ancient and valuable; Japanese red-crape dress, embroidered; Chinese embroidery.

The Japanese and Chinese embroidery is the finest, the manila most delicate, the Turkish and Persian most gorgeous.

Of ornamental glass there are choice specimens; one, a piece of the sixteenth century, is especially fine.

(917) Of stained glass we find one magnificent piece, 'The Shield of Austria,' emblazoned, supported by two men-at-arms, executed in 1542; style of Albert Dürer.

(916) Circular piece of stained glass, angel playing chimes, very old and beautiful, from Church of St. Laurent, Nuremberg.

(919) Square piece of stained glass representing the Crucifixion, a superb piece, in the highest style of mediæval art, attributed to Albert Dürer, from the Derscham collection.

It would be agreeable, did space permit, to go into the history of the *plaques*, particularly one in Sèvres (274)—soft paste, 1736—by Taillandier; or the Limoges enamels of the sixteenth century; or the bronzes. Perhaps we may allude to the armour (689)—one splendid suit of Persian steel chain-armour, with corselets, Beasart shield and casque, damaskened in gold and silver; superb; or to come back to the tapestry, which hangs everywhere, and notice 'A Chinese Tea-Party, Early Seventeenth Century,' and 'Alexander meeting Thalestus, Queen of the Amazons,' both rare pieces, contributed by Mr. W. C. Prime, but time and space forbid. The fine, old carved cabinet (467) sent by Mrs. Pinchot opens a wistful door, and one desires to describe the Lucretia Borgia, and the Flemish cabinets, with those of Japan and China, bronze cabinets inlaid with coins. There are antique boxes for jewels, and there are a Persian casque and shield. Everything that is curious, old, new, valuable, rococo, queer, suggestive, and instructive—man's patient labour, women's tasteful work—all is represented.

A collection of this sort would be incomplete without snuff-boxes. Here we have one with false bottom for portrait, sent by Mrs. Woodbury Langdon (130); one of the reign of Louis Seize, sent by Mrs. Banks, a large silver snuff-box (very fine) (756); an old Italian Tiber snuff-box, sent by Mrs. Iselin, would carry sneezes enough for a generation.

748 is a Spanish cabinet of the fifteenth century, lent by Major Gibbs, wonderfully good, and in excellent order.

Mr. Richard Hoe sends some exceedingly rare specimens of manuscript and early-printed books, and several beautiful illuminated missals. Mr. Adams sends (487) a triptych, date 1650, from Perugia, very tall and singular. There are Italian pictures on good background, and paintings on copper of Madonna, Magdalene, and saints; and there is a trousseau-chest of the seventeenth century, from an old château in Normandy, lent by Mr. Pinchot.

There is little or no classification or grouping of subjects, and yet the exhibition is not confused; it is pleasantly varied, and is creditable to the ladies who have so industriously wrought at it. The exhibition opened December 1st, and is to continue one month.

M. E. W. S.

NOTES.

HENRY PETERS GRAY, N.A.—The National Academy of Design loses one of its oldest and most respected members in the death of Henry Peters Gray, which occurred November 12th, at his home in New York. He was born June 23, 1819, in this city, and began his Art-studies under the direction of Mr. Daniel Huntington when in his twentieth year. He studied with Huntington, who was a few years his senior in age, about twelve months, when he sailed for Europe to practise his art abroad in the schools of Rome and Venice. While in Italy he devoted much of his time to the study of the old masterpieces, and was particularly enamoured with those of Titian, who was his ideal in after-life as well as in his earlier years. Mr. Gray was an earnest student, and acquired great facility in drawing, and the richness of colouring peculiar to the school in which he studied. During his residence in Italy he painted three pictures—'The Roman Girl,' 'Thou art gone,' and 'The Billet-Doux'—which gave him recognition as an artist of promise, and on his return to New York in 1843 he was at once elected an Academician of the National Academy. At that time he was the youngest member of the Academy, and his pictures were greatly sought after by the principal Art-collectors of the city.

Mr. Gray at this period of his career was full of ambition, and, desiring a still more intimate acquaintance with the old masters and the Art-atmosphere of Rome, he made another visit to Europe in 1846, and painted while abroad 'Teaching a Child to pray,' 'Proserpine and Bacchus,' and several others. 'Proserpine and Bacchus' was bought by Mr. Jonathan Sturges, and was highly praised by the critics. One of Mr. Gray's most charming works, painted many years ago, was an illustration of Irving's pathetic story of 'The Pride of the Village.' The beautiful

stricken girl leans upon her mother's breast, and her hands are held by those of her afflicted parent; the old man, who sits near, has turned lovingly from the open Bible to his child; the May garland hangs, faded, upon the wall, and through the open window a summer landscape in Sabbath repose is visible. The picture was imbued with the most delicate sentiment, and, as one of Gray's most devoted friends said, it admirably suggested romance and reality. One of his largest works was an allegorical composition, entitled 'Peace and War.' It is a richly-coloured work, but has never been greatly esteemed, as it is too severe for popular applause.

Mr. Gray painted in 1867 a large picture of 'Cleopatra dissolving the Pearl,' a graceful composition, very dramatic in expression and rich in colour. Cleopatra is represented crowned with the lily; in her right hand is a golden chalice, and in her left hand, held between the tips of her delicate fingers, is the lustrous pearl which is to be sacrificed. The picture excited considerable adverse criticism in the newspapers, but it did not suffer in the estimation of connoisseurs, and was soon placed permanently in a private collection. Mr. Gray succeeded to the presidency of the National Academy of Design on the resignation of Mr. Huntington in 1869. He retired in 1871, and in the autumn of that year went to Florence. During this visit to Italy he painted one of his largest works—'The Origin of the American Flag,' an ideal in illustration of Drake's famous poem, which remained in his studio unsold at his death, and two of his best heads, 'The Flower of Fiesole,' and 'The Model of Cadore.' 'The Flower of Fiesole' we esteem his most refined and graceful work; it combines all of Mr. Gray's finer qualities of drawing and colouring, and is a picture that is endeared to its possessor.

Although Mr. Gray made Titian his ideal, yet he could not be accused of being a copyist; he sought to acquire the rich, mellow tones of that great master's canvases, without suggesting the dinginess which time has given them. Like nearly all figure-painters, Mr. Gray executed during his long and busy career a great number of portraits, more than three hundred in all, and many of them are marked by unusual refinement of treatment, and an arrangement of draperies and accessories which places them on a level with the works of his ablest contemporaries. In his manners Mr. Gray was genial, and had many friends; and in his personal appearance he represented a refined type of the American gentleman. Although naturally of a robust habit and temperament, he suffered greatly from ill-health during the last two years of his life, but he never lost his ambition, and was enthusiastic in the pursuit of his art up to the closing hours of his career. He leaves a wife, who is an intelligent artist herself, and President of the Ladies' Art Association of New York, and a son and daughter. Of the early Academicians who started out in life with Mr. Gray, very few survive, and among the dead are the gifted Kensett, Elliott, Leutze, Rossiter, the brothers Mount, Edmonds, Spencer, and Edwin White, all of whom were laborious and earnest, and worked for the future of Art as well as for themselves.

BROOKLYN ART ASSOCIATION.—The thirty-fifth Loan Exhibition of the Brooklyn Art Association was opened in the galleries of the Society in that city on Monday evening, December 3rd, and continued two weeks. The collection of paintings comprised more than five hundred works, and was the largest and finest display ever made by the Association. The private view was a brilliant affair, and attended by nearly four thousand persons, among whom were all of the principal artists of Brooklyn and New York. These private views or receptions are the most important social events of the season in Brooklyn. The Academy of Music, which adjoins the Art Building, is thrown open for the occasion, and the auditoriums are arranged for the accommodation of the guests. The parquet is floored over, carpeted, and furnished like a great drawing-room, in which ladies and gentlemen, after making a tour of the galleries, promenade to the music of a full orchestra. The proscenium stage is always profusely decorated with flowers, and when the several circles are filled with the guests in evening costume the scene from the floor is decidedly brilliant. The collection was made up of paintings contributed from private collections, and from the Brooklyn and New York studios. Among the principal private contributors were ex-Judge Hilton, Bryan H. Smith, Seymour L. Husted, James M. Burt, W. P. Douglas, Edward F. Rook, R. E. Moore, Henry K. Sheldon, G. S. Hutchinson, J. E. Tousey, Ripley Ropes, and Robert Graves. Judge Hilton lent a superb park-scene, with the figures of a lady and gentleman enjoying a musical *réte-à-réte*, from the easel of Paul Viry; and an interior with a beautiful woman seated, and wearing an expression of 'disappointment,' by Egusguiza. Both paintings are superbly coloured, and represent the brilliant treatment of the modern French school. From Mr. Robert Graves's collection there were a large picture of 'Sentinel Rock, Yosemite Valley,' under a sunset effect, by Bierstadt; a gorgeously-painted scene in the 'Portico of the Alhambra,' by B. Constant; and 'Surprised,' illustrated by the figure of a pretty woman, who has partly disrobed for a woodland bath, and is startled at some unusual sound, by F. Kraus. Mr. R. E. Moore lent a brilliant little landscape with cows in the foreground, by William Hart, and three beautiful works by Seymour J. Guy. The most important of Mr. Guy's pictures was 'Fair Venice,' represented by a young woman standing upon a balcony overlooking the quiet waters of the Adriatic. The subject is noticeable for its sentiment and rare delicacy of finish. Among the new paintings contributed from the studios were a large and impressive 'Moonrise on the Long Island Shore,' by Maurice F. H. De Haas; and also a Sunset—'Pulling the Nets off Shore,' by the same artist. Mr. H. W. Robbins sent his Academy picture of 'Harbor Islands, Lake George,' Mr. Van Elten, a fresh and charming painting of a 'Cornfield in the Catskills,' in harvest-time; Mr. Blashfield, his *Salon* picture of 1875, entitled 'The Poet'; David Johnson, an evening landscape-scene of rare beauty; Mr. Bellows a brook-scene, as fresh and charming as a study from Nature; John A. Parker, a large 'Autumn in the Catskills,' characteristic of the Clove scenery; John C. Wiggins, a 'Scene in the Goshen Meadows, with Cattle,' a masterly example of cattle-painting; Frederick A. Bridgman, a large study of the head of a Nubian, entitled 'Rameses II.'; Swain Gifford, a spirited reminiscence of 'A Windy Day on the Coast'; Robert C. Minor, an early 'Evening,' river-scene, very impressively treated; D. M. Carter, a large picture illustrating Whittier's poem of 'Barbara Freitchie'; Arthur Parton, a weird evening view of the 'Rapids of the Au Sable'; and John W. Casilear, a large pastoral, 'Summer in New Hampshire.' Richard W. Hubbard, the President of the Association, contributed a calm and silvery-toned landscape view, entitled 'In the Fields,' in which his pencil was shown at its best. Mr. Colman sent a placid scene in the early 'Morning, Lake

Auncey, Savoy'; and Cropsey had a clever canvas of the picturesque scenery, 'On the Wawayanda River.' From Frank Waller's easel there was a striking 'Scene on the Nile,' with figures in the foreground. Edward L. Henry was represented by a large picture of an old English country-house, one of the grand ancestral seats in Warwickshire, which are famous in history; and James M. Hart sent a 'Morning in the Pasture,' with cows grazing, the peculiar dewy effect of which is delightful. William Morgan sent his charming 'Reverie,' which was one of the most admired works in the last Academy Exhibition; Mr. Inness, an Italian landscape-scene, remarkable for its breadth of treatment and harmonious colouring; Daniel Huntington, an ideal head fresh from the easel, and showing high-toned sentiment and thought in its execution; Sanford R. Gifford, one of his poetical sunshine and shadow pictures, illustrating a sudden 'Storm on Lake George'; Mr. Bricher, a bold and brilliant piece of rock-painting from a study near Scituate, Massachusetts; J. C. Brown, two pictures illustrating incidents drawn from life at Grand Manan, coast of Maine, one 'The Discovery of the Wreck,' by a fisher-woman looking over the cliffs, and the other showing the master of a fishing-yacht trimming his sails in anticipation of 'The Coming Squall,' which is about to break over his head. T. L. Smith had a strong winter forest-scene; and there were many other fine works by J. C. Thom, J. A. Oertel, G. H. Story, John B. Bristol—the latter a superb pastoral on the bank of 'Lake Champlain'—H. A. Loop, Alexander Laurie, and Thomas Hicks. Among the foreign works were a large cattle-painting by J. H. L. De Haas; an Italian scene by Oswald Achenbach; and others by Gide, Amberg, Meyerheim, Millner, Gasser, Dieverger, and Gustave De Joughe. In the department of water-colour drawings there were some fine works contributed by the members of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours; and a large show of students' drawings from the Packer and Polytechnic Institutes. The Exhibition was visited by more than 20,000 persons.

ART IN PHILADELPHIA.—Among recent acquisitions to the Pennsylvania Museum is a porcelain tea-set that once belonged to Louis Philippe. The groundwork is of blue-and-gold, and it is ornamented with portraits of royal and noble personages, and with Cupids, flowers, &c. A modern French work of Palissy-ware, designed and modelled by M. Barbizer, is of great interest. It is in high-relief, and coloured appropriately. It seems to represent the bottom of the sea, with rocks and reefs rising in the water, and submarine plants and shells in profusion. A large and finely-formed coloured fish forms the central attraction. There have also been added to this gallery two fine specimens of Art in earthenware tiles. The piece called 'Amphitrite' is a fine example in its line of art.

The Philadelphia artists have all returned to their city quarters, and some of them can show a good deal of meritorious work for their travels. Philip Weber passed some time in Atlantic City, where he made a number of large and finely-finished sketches in oil. One of the best of these shows the lighthouse, the sea, the shore, and a sandy bluff crowned with cedars. Another very effective picture is a rough ocean-scene, exposing nothing but sky and water—the sky being one of those dazzling, cloud-crowded skies which this artist is fond of painting. Mr. I. T. Flaherty has a little sketch in oil of a bit of woodland above Reading, which is a fine suggestion of colour and effect, with hints of drawing which achieve something like decided form and finish in the foreground. The tints are rubbed in in a broad, loose way, very charming to artistic eyes. Several views on the Schuylkill River are a decided improvement on many of this artist's works which we have seen. Some of his own compositions, though forming pleasant pictures, expose most strikingly the poverty of man's artistic invention when placed beside the irregular beauty of Nature's composition: the contrast reminds one of David Wilkie's confession (written at the age of eighteen): "I now see how superior painting from Nature is over everything that our imagination, assisted by our memory, can conceive."

Mr. Newbold H. Trotter has finished two Atlantic City sketches, one of which is quite a brilliant bit of painting. It represents a misty, mid-day scene, the sun being obscured by an ocean-fog. The lighthouse, with a little strip of sea, can be seen in the distance; and, from this to the foreground, stretches a broad expanse of beach, where several men with a team are engaged in getting timber from the remnants of an old wreck. Mr. Trotter paints in a neat, expressive, and picturesque way. Another work of his, which is attracting some attention in a Chestnut Street window, is entitled, rather unhappily, we think, 'Something in the Wind.' The picture is bold and effective, though scarcely in the artist's most finished style. The two dogs, judging from their attitudes, and from the sportsman with his gun in the distance, are catching the first scent of game. . . . The collection of pictures contributed by the artists of Philadelphia, and shortly to be sold at auction for the benefit of Mr. George W. Holmes, a veteran and retired artist and teacher of painting of this city, who has been unfortunate in the loss of

his sight, can now be seen at Earle's Galleries. The Messrs. Earle, with a liberality uncommon on the part of picture-dealers, made a gift of all the frames. Among the pictures are works by F. De Crano, the well-known genre painter, I. T. Flaherty, E. D. Lewis, Lewis Fussell, P. Moran, Philip Weber, S. B. Waugh, F. De B. Richards, T. B. Craig, S. C. Lambden, J. B. Sword, N. H. Trotter, P. F. Rothermel, T. Eakins, and many others, besides sketches and prints by Mr. Holmes himself. . . . Mr. J. B. Sword, the rising landscape and animal painter, has on his easel and nearly finished a landscape of rather a noteworthy character. The scene is near Bridgeton, New Jersey, and was painted on the spot this fall. It is, therefore, a deep, rich, hazy autumn view. A dark and deep stream, entirely shaded by overhanging trees, stretches back a long distance under their interlaced and arching branches, and by deeply wooded banks on either side, with an island in the centre. This piece of Nature is unusually odd and interesting, the colour is good, and there is a breadth about the whole work which is a great improvement on some of Mr. Sword's other paintings.

D. C. M.

THE WOMAN'S ART-SCHOOL.—A successful result from the special Designing Class of the Woman's Art-School of the Cooper Union is shown in the engagements the pupils are making with the manufacturers. This class was started three years ago, and has graduated about thirty young women each year. The scheme of instruction is like that pursued in the Massachusetts State Art Schools, at South Kensington, &c. Some of the scholars each year have become teachers, but the majority have continued their studies in free-hand drawing from the round, have studied oil-painting for decoration, and more recently porcelain and pottery painting. In all these branches the principles they had been taught of geometrical and conventional design have served as an excellent, and, as it is proving, a successful foundation for practical and remunerative work. Their designs for calico, wall-paper, embroidery patterns, and lately on china, are getting an easy and good market, and manufacturers are content to take them, and teach them the slight special knowledge they require, to apply their ideas in one or another kind of material. The Decorative Art Society furnishes many of the pupils of the Designing Class with employment, and their work is very largely accepted to fill orders. One young woman had an order from a manufacturer to decorate fourteen dozen plates before her course in pottery-painting was completed; two more have been engaged for their whole time by one of the first potters in America, and paper-manufacturers and print-makers are accepting their work.

The difference between such drawings as theirs and those of ordinary amateur designers, even if the latter are people of taste, is that the knowledge of proportion, balance of forms in objects ornamented, real conventionalisation, &c., enter as the basis of their thought; while the unskilled designer, even if delicately sensitive to beauty, cannot understand the broad principles of decoration which are only acquired by enlightened study from the works of the past and the books of the present day, which show both its principles and its practical application. It is an encouraging sign, in regard to the development of skilled labour in the United States, that, the elementary knowledge being acquired, the result proves that it needs but slight instruction in superficial details to bring the persons possessed of it into practical relations with manufacturers who require ornament and decoration in the production of their goods. This sort of teaching has only been in operation for a few years in America, and already it is yielding a successful result. But when all the children in the schools of the country who show any aptitude for such instruction shall have their thoughts turned in the direction of forms, colours, and combinations of figures, there is every reason that art in our manufactures should be of the best kind.

ART-POTTERY.—A most valuable and interesting Art-pottery studio has recently been opened in New York by Mr. John Bennett, of Lambeth, England. Mr. Bennett was long connected with the Doulton potteries, and is described in the authorised account of them as their "able director of all the practical work in the Faience Department." He it was who superintended or himself painted the most beautiful varieties of the Doulton ware, which excited such admiration at the Centennial Exhibition. Never until now has there been a display of American pottery such as for the past few weeks has drawn the attention of the public at Davis Collamore's shop in Broadway. Here are ranged on a long table about a hundred jars, vases, *plaques*, and other articles, whose enamelled surfaces are covered with dog-wood flowers, hawthorn-blossoms, roses, and asters. These lifelike designs are painted with masterly touches upon backgrounds of the hues of *lapis lazuli*, bronze greens and golden browns, such as have always been a delight and a mystery to the connoisseur in china-decoration. The specimens at Collamore's are all of them what is called "underglazed" pottery, which, we believe, has never been successfully done before in America. Underglazed painting is made directly upon the *biscuit*, and afterwards, the jars

or vases being covered with vitreous enamel, the rich, soft colours of the design are fused in the baking into the very substance of the article. No sort of decoration in pottery is considered so legitimate and so desirable as this underglaze-work. Of this kind are the beautiful Limoges and majolica wares.

The pottery-studio of Mr. Bennett is in Lexington Avenue, in this city, and a visit to it recalls similar fascinating spots in England and France. Here may be seen undecorated biscuit-jars and other articles, whose graceful forms are such as attract admiration in Lambeth or at Minton's. Here, ranged upon tables, are set out long lines of biscuit-tiles, upon which the student or Mr. Bennett himself has drawn his or her designs, or has partially covered them with colour. Pitchers or jugs appear tinted with shapes of birds and plants, and open sketch-books disclose fresh and free studies from Nature, which furnish the models for the paintings. Behind the house, in which the studio is situated, Mr. Bennett has his kilns, and thus in our very midst are fused as exquisite tints into as smooth and polished a surface as delight us in the best manufactures of Europe. The decoration of Mr. Bennett is of a high, artistic class, and readers of the memoirs of Wedgwood and Palissy Potter will appreciate how good they are when they recal the number of experiments that were made before these men discovered how just the right kind of transparency and polish were obtained in the glazes. They will remember, also, the thought and time which were wasted to learn the proportion of paint, or of heat for some shade of blue or purple, and what sufferings and deprivations were endured by famous potters of old to gain a particular kind of jet or the delicate differences made by a little more or less salt in a glaze. It is for these nice differences that Mr. Bennett's work is distinguished; and when we discover, besides, that these artistic decorations can be obtained as cheaply here as in London or Paris, it encourages us to believe that the time for highly-skilled manufacture has at length arrived for the United States. Mr. Bennett has taken American assistants, and with American clay and in an American city he is seeking to establish a manufacture which shall vie with the best work of Limoges, or Spode, or Lambeth.

DEATH OF GUSTAVE BRION.—The celebrated French artist, Gustave Brion, died in Paris the last of November. He was a native of Rothen, Vosges, and born in 1820. He was a pupil of the elder Guérin, and was esteemed as one of the most famous painters of the French school of Art. During his career he won all of the honours which the French Government awards so liberally to its most deserving painters. At the exhibitions of the *Salon* he was awarded medals of the second class in 1853, 1859, 1861, 1867 (E. U.); of the first class in 1863, and the Grand Medal of Honour in 1868. In 1863 he received the decoration of the Legion of Honour. Brion acquired fame as a painter of the scenes drawn from life in his native province. In the *Salon* of 1869 he exhibited 'Un Mariage Protestant en Alsace,' which was esteemed as one of his most impressive works. Perhaps the finest work ever sent from his easel to this country was his great picture of 'The Creation,' exhibited at the Goupil Gallery in 1872. The subject represents the figure of the Creator floating upon the clouds over the embryo planet. Although it illustrated a sentiment of impressive grandeur, the subject was not favourably received by our connoisseurs, and consequently was returned to Europe at the close of the exhibition. Brion is well represented in the private galleries in this country. His largest picture, 'Brittany Peasants at Prayer,' at the sale of the John Taylor Johnston collection last winter, was bought by Mr. J. W. Garrett, of Baltimore, for \$7,150. It was originally imported by the late John Wolfe, and at the sale of his collection in 1863 was secured by Mr. Johnston. A little picture, four by six inches in size, was also sold in the Johnston collection for \$600. These figures show how highly Brion's pictures are esteemed in this country. Mr. Claghorn, President of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, owned a clever example of his work, entitled 'The Bowling-Alley;' and another of his pictures is in Mr. Robert L. Stuart's collection. To the last *Salon* he sent 'Le Réveil—Campement de Pélerins sur le Mont Sainte-Odile.' Brion died in the full maturity of his powers.

LACES AND EMBROIDERIES.—A rare collection of old laces and embroideries, illustrating the history of the manufacture in a degree chronologically, was opened for exhibition in the galleries of the Metropolitan Museum of Art the last of November. The collection was made by Mrs. MacCallum, wife of the late Andrew MacCallum, an English artist, during frequent visits to Italy and Oriental countries. It was first exhibited at the International Exhibition in London in 1874, and more recently at the South Kensington Museum. The exhibition at the Metropolitan Museum was the first of any importance ever made in the United States. The collection comprises about two hundred and sixty pieces, and begins with the earliest existing Oriental embroidery, illus-

trating first Persia, then Turkey and the Greek islands, and so into Italy, where, through Maglia and coupé-work, it develops into laces, of which it comprises examples of guipure, cushion, tape, rococo, Burano, Venetian, Alençon, Ponts in Aria, Spanish, Venetian rose-point, and several others equally rare. Many of the patterns, both of embroidery and lace, are of exquisite beauty. Some of the specimens are more than two hundred years old. Among the embroideries are a pillow-case, or cover, wrought in silk and gold thread, the design of which is very pretty and dates from the seventeenth century, and an example of silk embroidery after a bold Persian pattern, made in the early part of the last century. Another exquisite specimen is an Italian border of coupé-work, embroidered in silk of neutral colours, with point-lace squares and diaper ornament. It dates from the beginning of the present century. The collection of laces contains some specimens of rare delicacy of texture and design, many of them of great age. A border for an altar-cloth of needle point-lace is remarkable for its fine design and execution. It is supposed to be the work of a nun, and is so delicate that the details of the flowers can only be properly studied under a magnifying-glass. The upper part is a small border, originally made as a distinct piece from the wider portion below, to which it is attached by small interlacing insertion of white threads twisted on a pillow. The continuous flow of the curving stems, which are studded with small conventional roses or flowers, may be traced on each side of the central device to the ends of the border. The size of this superb example of seventeenth-century lace-work is five and a quarter by fifty and a half inches. The collection is invaluable for the purposes of education, and an effort will be made by the trustees of the museum to buy it. It is valued at \$5,000, and its purchase is earnestly desired in the cause of culture. Messrs. John Taylor Johnston, William C. Prime, Robert Hoe, Jr., and Daniel Huntington, of the Board of Trustees, were mainly instrumental in securing the collection for exhibition, and will endeavour to raise the sum required for its purchase.

AMERICAN SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.—The Eleventh Annual Exhibition of the American Society of Painters in Water-Colours will be opened in the galleries of the National Academy of Design in New York on the 4th day of February, and will be continued one month. Original works, which have never before been publicly exhibited in the city of New York, will be received for the exhibition from the 21st to the 23rd of January, inclusive. In addition to the works contributed by American artists, the Society requests the loan of important foreign water-colour pictures not before publicly exhibited in New York. Works in black-and-white, drawings on paper, wood, or stone, in lead, crayon, chalk, charcoal, India-ink, and sepia, are eligible as usual. All the rules customary in the exhibitions of the National Academy of Design apply equally to the Water-Colour Exhibition. At many of the Society exhibitions drawings have been so elaborately framed as to interfere with the harmony of the collections, and to avoid a difficulty of this kind in the future the officers request exhibitors hereafter not to send frames of oval form, architectural, or with projecting ornaments, velvet, positive colours, dark or parti-coloured woods, or measuring in thickness more than two and a half inches; mats or flats must not be of positive colours, or exceed four inches in width. The exhibition promises to be not only large, but also of superior excellence.

ART IN BOSTON.—There have been ample variety and attraction for Art-lovers at the Boston galleries during the past month, the paintings exhibited having been for the most part the products of local talent. One of the most notable was Walter Shirlaw's 'Sheep-Shearing in the Bavarian Highlands,' already known to New Yorkers, as it was exhibited at the New York Academy of Design. In one of the galleries were displayed a number of pictures of exceptional interest, two especially, by the French artists Tissot and Moreau, being favourably remarked upon. Both were figure-pieces, presenting a marked contrast with each other in tone and treatment. That of Tissot represented two Frenchwomen in a vague landscape, the design being to bring out vividly the graceful, light, easy carriage of the figures. Moreau's picture represented a conventional female figure, in the midst of a flowery garden; its special merit being the pleasant colouring and skilful arrangement of figure and other objects. In the same collection was a small cattle-landscape by W. M. Hart; two spirited landscapes by Thomas Allen, a young and promising artist from Western Massachusetts; several landscapes by Hernandez, one especially noticeable entitled 'Old

House at Home;' and pictures by Frere, Hacker, Picknell, Ferrari, Hamilton Wild, and Meyer von Bremen. . . . At another exhibition were to be seen a new and large picture by Weeks, portraying a camel-caravan traversing the desert, a subject well suited to the artist's manner, and capable of much picturesque effect; a small study of a lady sitting on the deck of a steamer, by Henry Bacon; a pretty boy-figure, by Engel; and a dainty little landscape by Renie, the French artist, reminding you, in its delicacy and subtle colour, of some of Rousseau's canvases. . . . The late Stephen H. Perkins bequeathed to the Boston Athenæum a number of rare paintings, among them the following: a marine landscape by Vanderveldt; 'The Banished Lord,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds (sketch); a Retsch copy of 'The San Sisto Madonna,' a head of Benjamin West, by Sir Thomas Lawrence; a portrait of Tintoretto, from the Guardagni collection at Florence; the mosaic chapel at Ravenna, by Bunney; and a granite head by Dr. Rimmer. . . . Darius Cobb has nearly completed a striking picture of 'Judas Iscariot in the Potter's Field,' which will soon be placed on exhibition. . . . A new painting by David Neal was recently exhibited at one of the galleries; the portrait of a lady in Elizabethan ruff and puffed sleeves. It was a picture well worth close observation, for its effective drawing and refined and delicate tone, and was a striking example of the new Munich school, of which Mr. Neal is a disciple. . . . A large landscape by Daubigny, and two attractive pictures by George L. Brown, have been on exhibition.

FOLEY'S EQUESTRIAN STATUES.—The statue of Lord Canning, Governor-General of India, the full-sized model for which was commenced by the late J. H. Foley, R.A., but completed by Mr. Thomas Brock, has been executed in bronze, and will immediately be shipped for Calcutta, for which city it was commissioned, and where it will be placed with the noble groups of Hardinge and Outram, two of Foley's most noted works. Mr. Brock has also completed the full-sized model of the equestrian statue of the late Lord Gough, for Dublin, from the small model made by Foley. His lordship appears as field-marshal, habited in the costume of the "Blues," of which regiment he held the rank of colonel. The figure is very spirited, and has a noble soldierly air and bearing. The horse is a reproduction of the charger in the famous 'Hardinge' now in Calcutta, and it will, we are assured, be a source of gratification to the English public to learn that a replica of that grand study of equine form will thus be secured for erection in the United Kingdom. The model will at once be placed in the hands of the bronze-founders.

NEW YORK ETCHING CLUB.—The New York Etching Club, which was organised last spring, is now in full operation, and has among its active members many of our best-known artists, among whom are James D. Smillie, N.A., H. C. Eno, A. H. Baldwin, E. Wood Perry, N.A., H. W. Robbins, T. W. Wood, N.A., C. S. Reinhart, Charles H. Miller, N.A., Edwin A. Abbey, L. Johnson, Frederick Dielman, Louis C. Tiffany, Walter Shirlaw, Henry Farrer, Albert F. Bellows, N.A., Samuel Colman, N.A., J. F. Sabin, J. C. Nicoll, R. Swain Gifford, and L. M. Yale, M.D. Dr. Yale is President and J. D. Smillie Secretary. The club meetings are held the second Monday in every month, at which time the members are expected to exhibit examples of their work. At the November meeting more than twenty original etchings were exhibited by Dr. Yale and Messrs. Smillie, Miller, Eno, Sabin, Farrer, and others. It is the intention of the members of the club to make a special exhibition of their work in connection with the Water-Colour Society in February.

PITTSBURG ARTISTS' ASSOCIATION.—An exhibition of original paintings, statuary, wood-carvings, and decorated pottery, was held by the Pittsburg Artists' Association in November. It was confined exclusively to the works of members, and was designed solely to promote the interests of home Art. The principal artists who contributed to the exhibition were John Donaghy, L. S. Darragh, George Hetzell, S. H. Gray, Juliet A. Briggs, E. L. Beeson, W. G. Armor, J. G. Owston, Jennie Dunn, Edith N. Ferguson, Agnes C. Way, M. M. Murtland, Carrie S. Holmes, A. Sborgi, A. W. Foster, Jr., Mrs. F. B. Campbell, Mrs. F. E. Marshall, F. Bussman, C. M. Johns, Olive Turney, M. L. Spring, R. E. Henderson, R. Andriessen, and C. F. Mills. The sculptor Algeo exhibited a life-size bust of the late Charlotte Cushman. The Society, we learn, is in a very flourishing condition. Mr. John Donaghy, formerly of New York, is its President.

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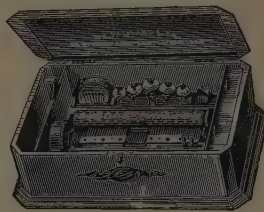
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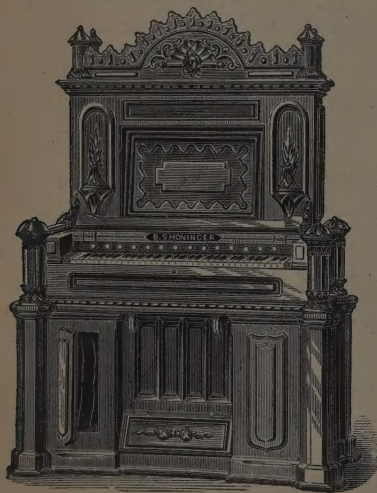
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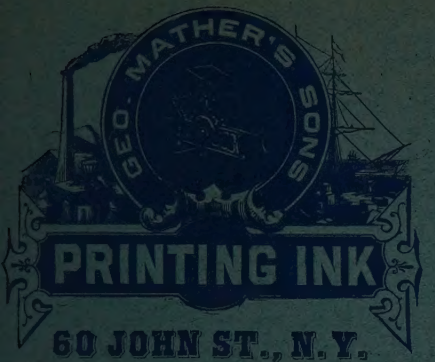
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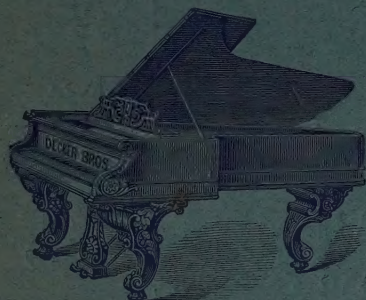
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